

GOLD  
KEY

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

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OCTOBER

# Huckleberry Hound

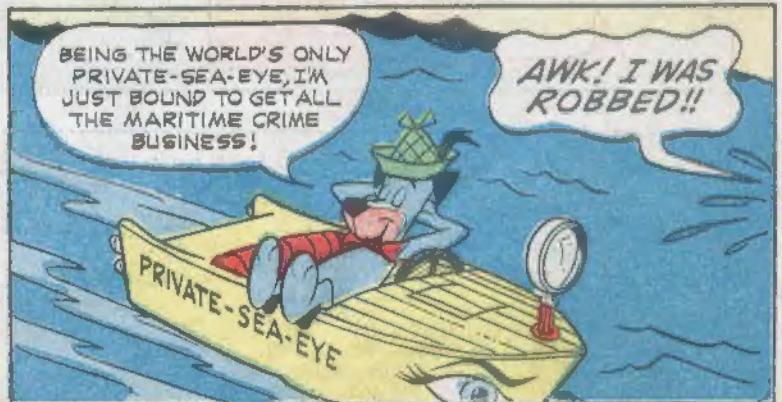
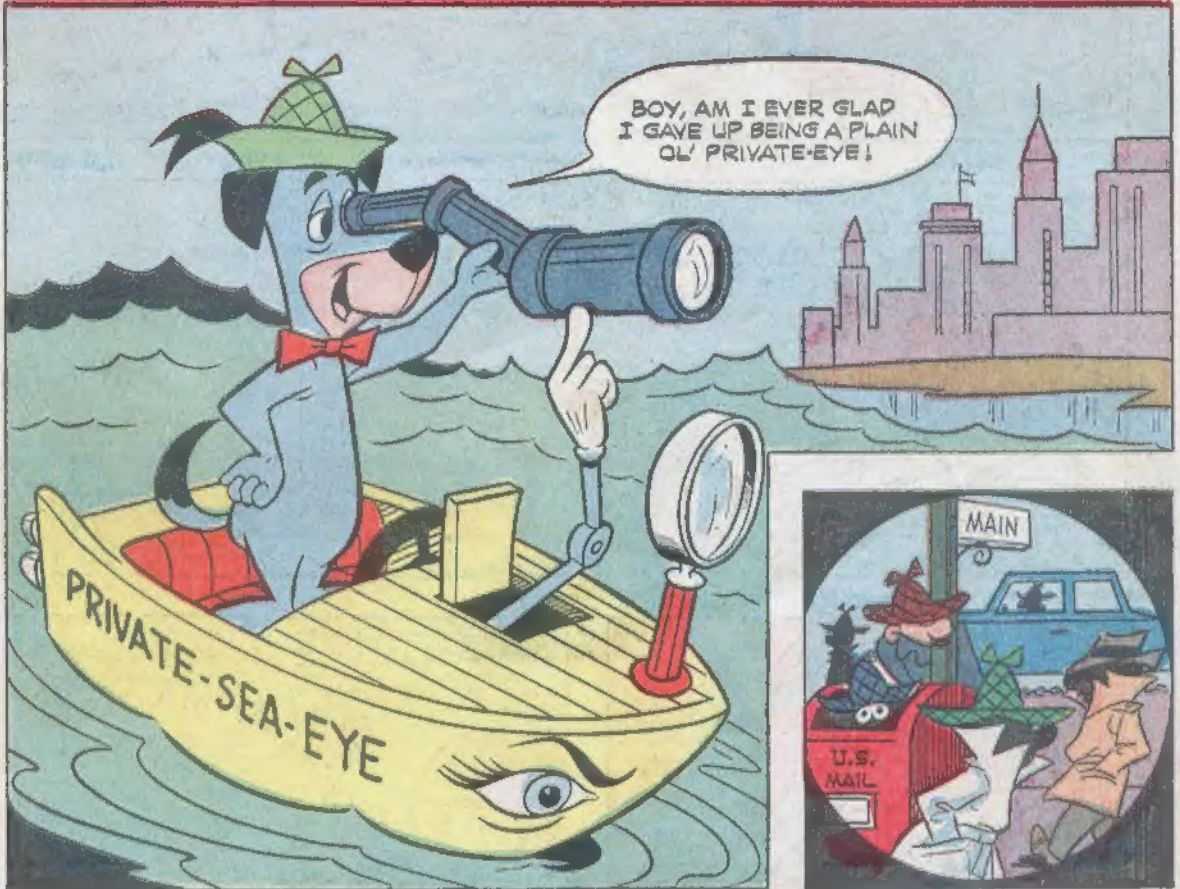


by HANNA-  
BARBERA



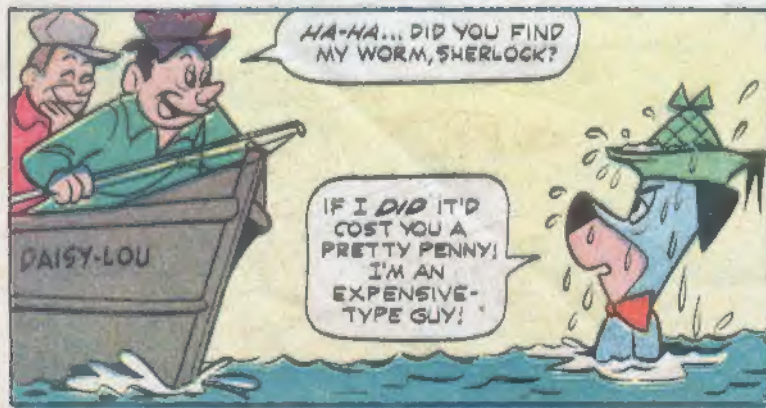
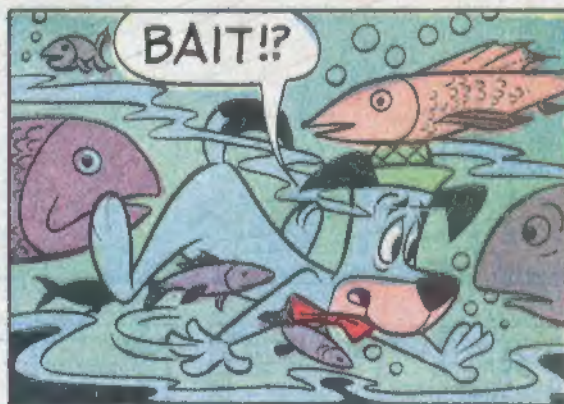
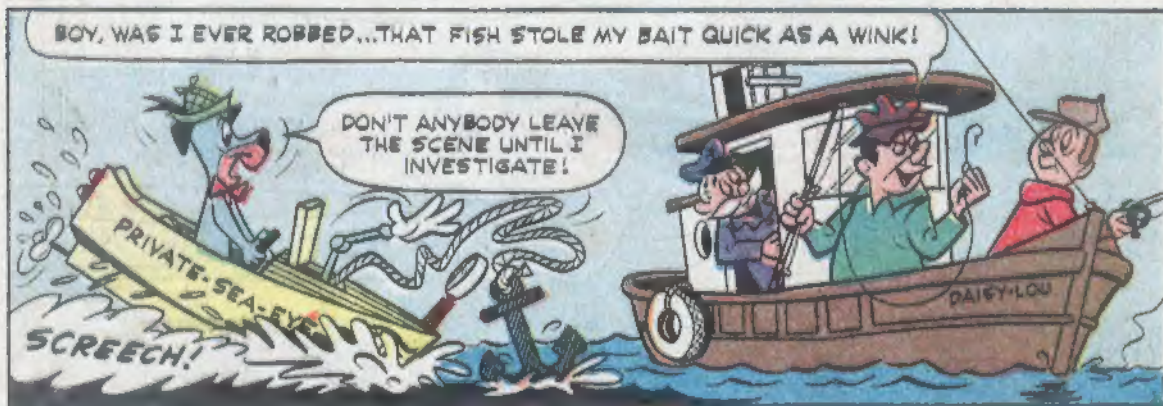
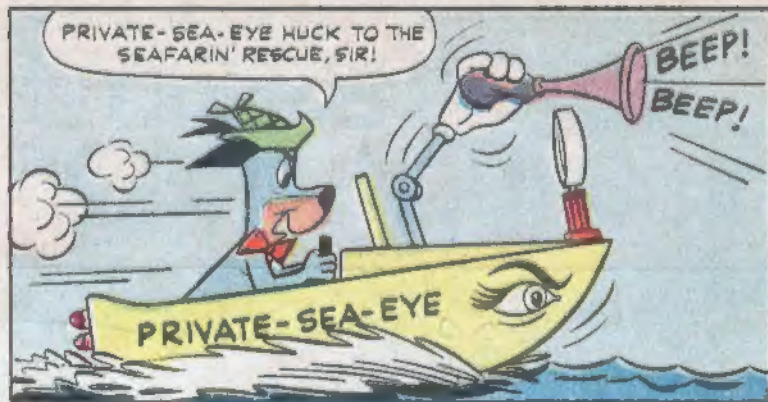
Hanna-Barbera

# HUCKLEBERRY HOUND CHUCKLEBERRY TALES

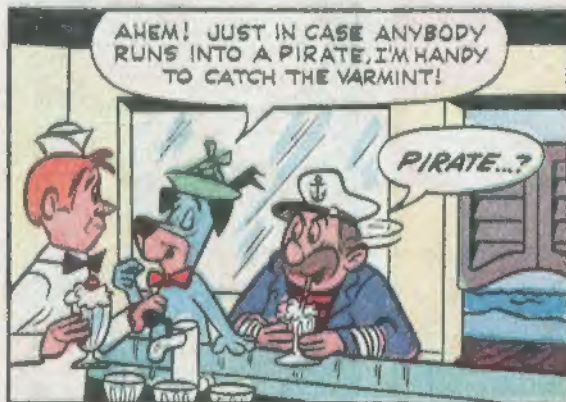
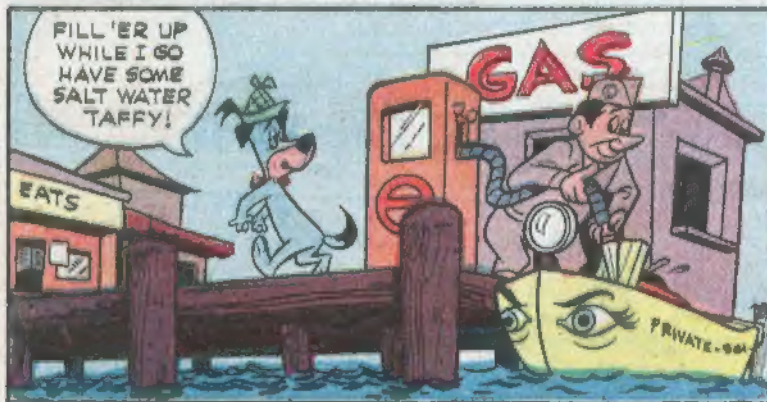
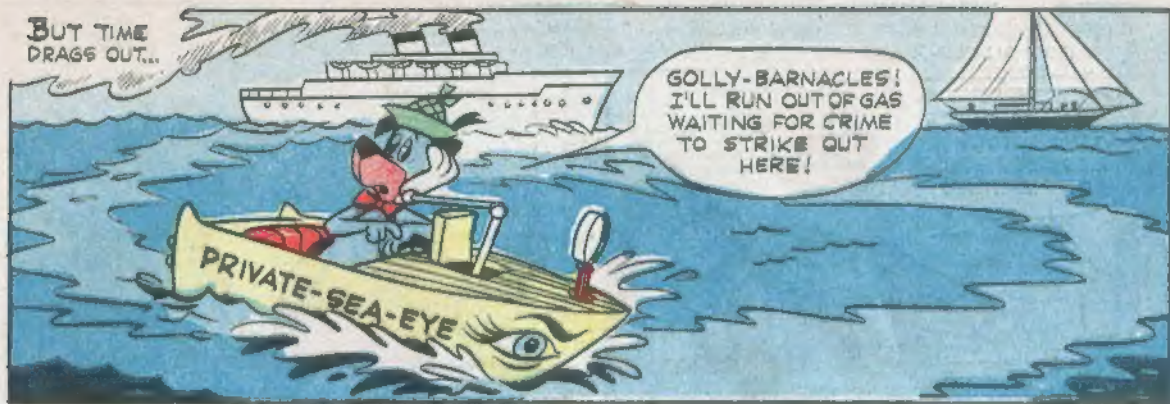


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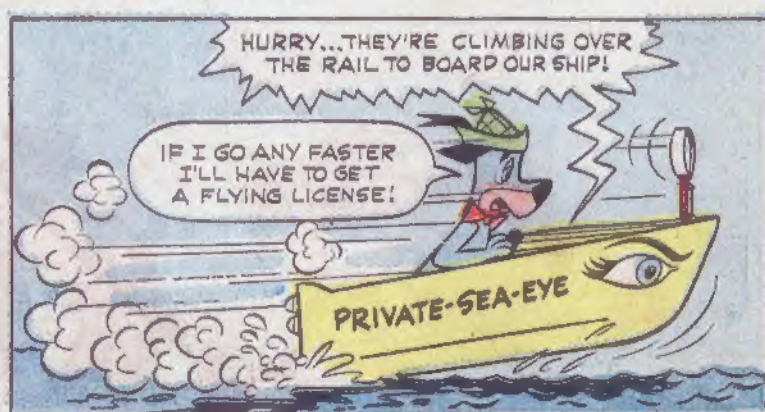
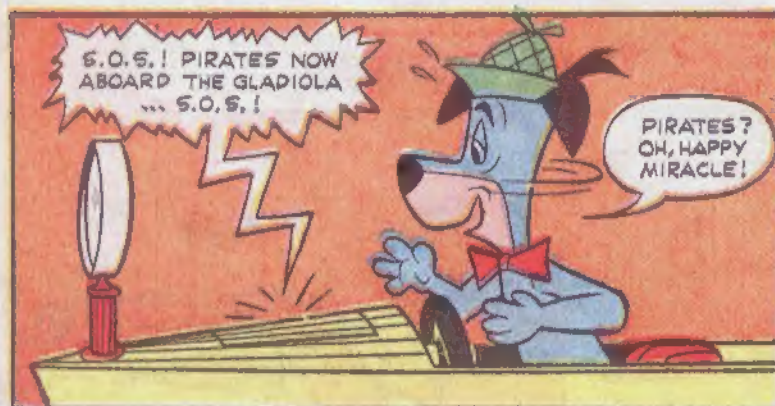




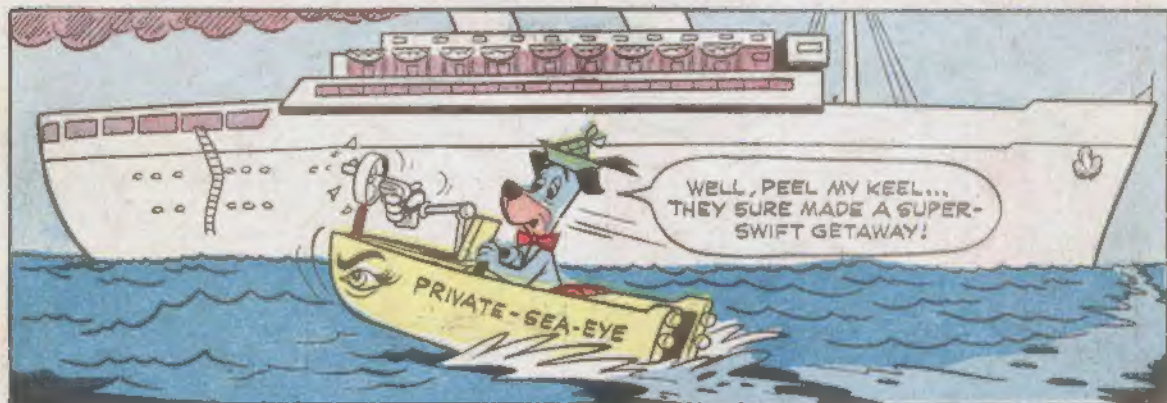




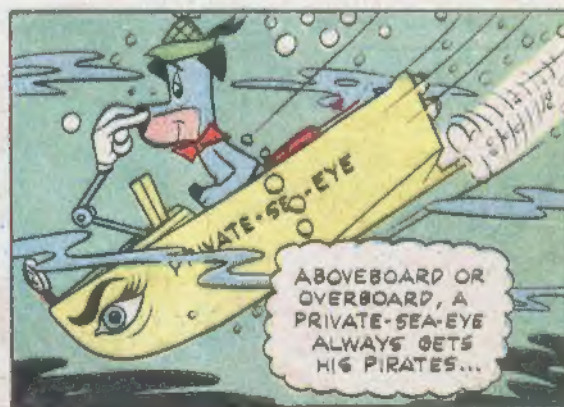
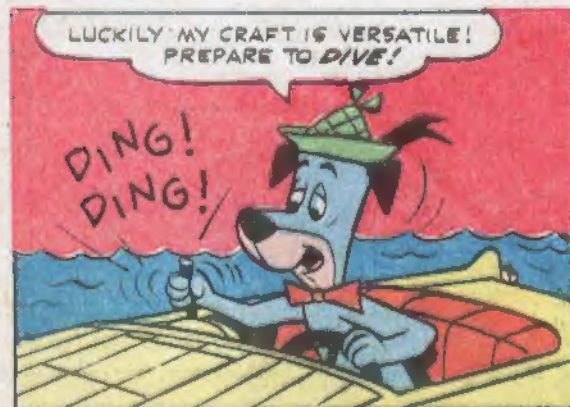




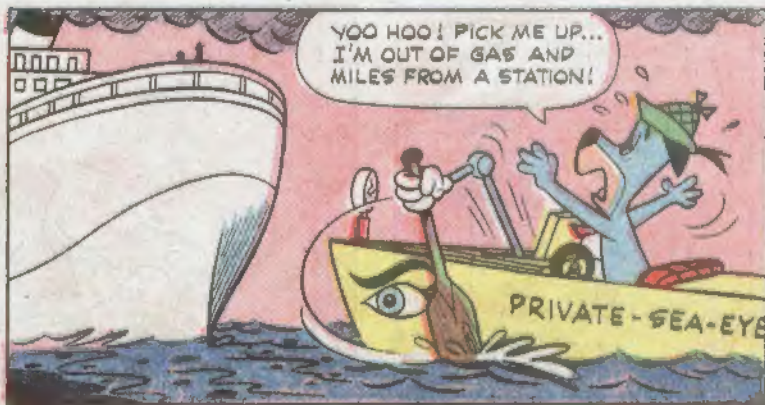
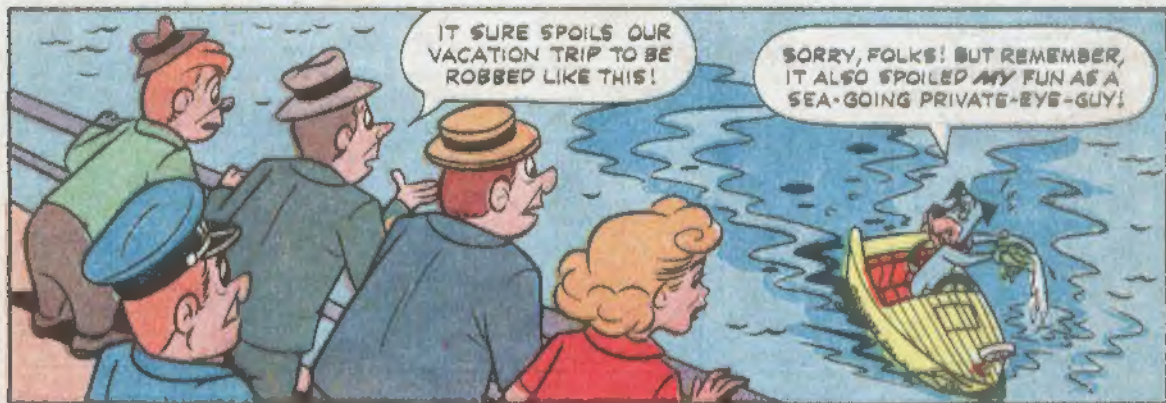
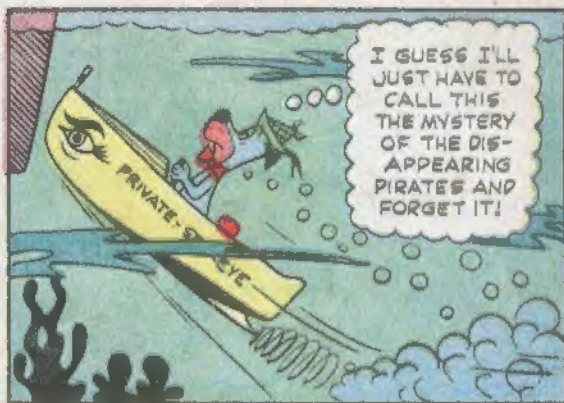
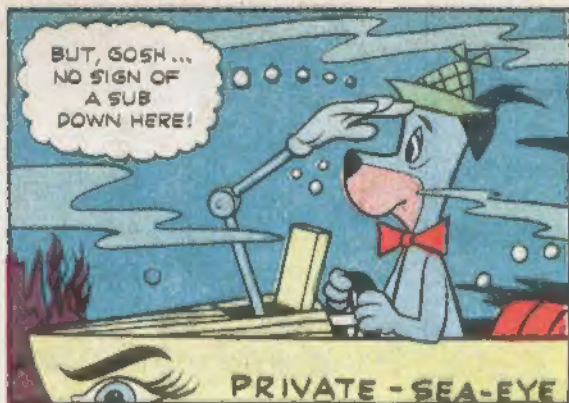




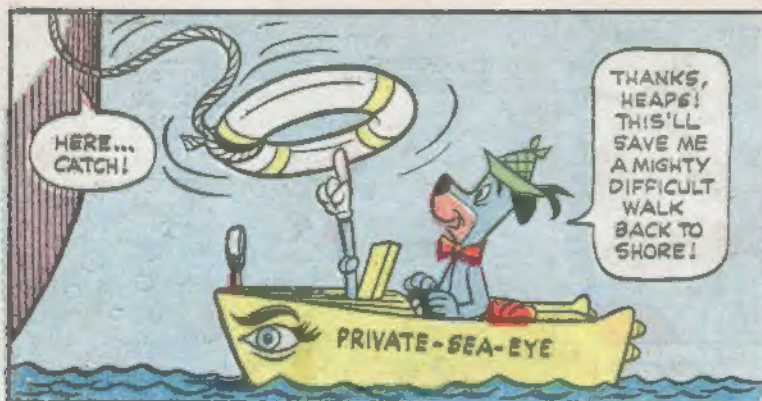




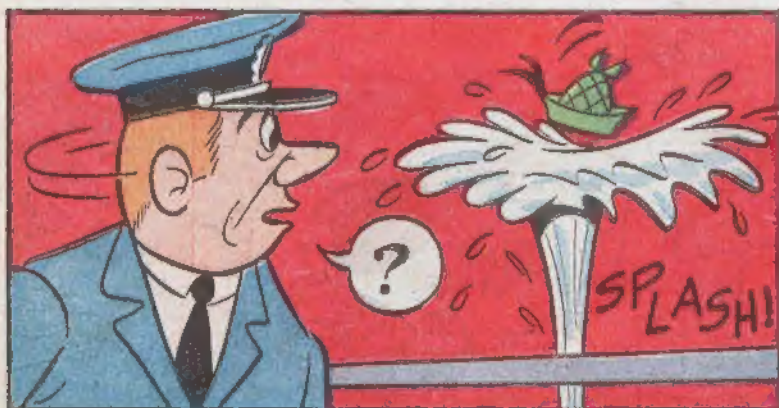
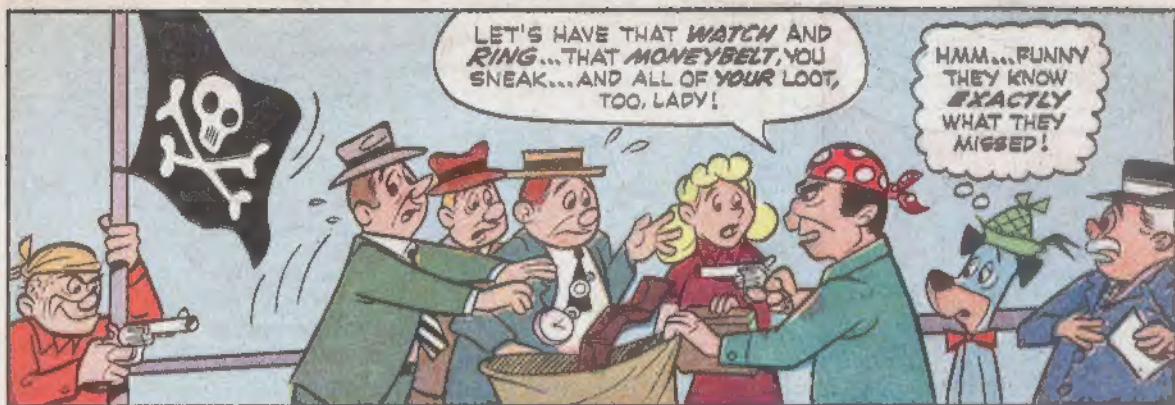




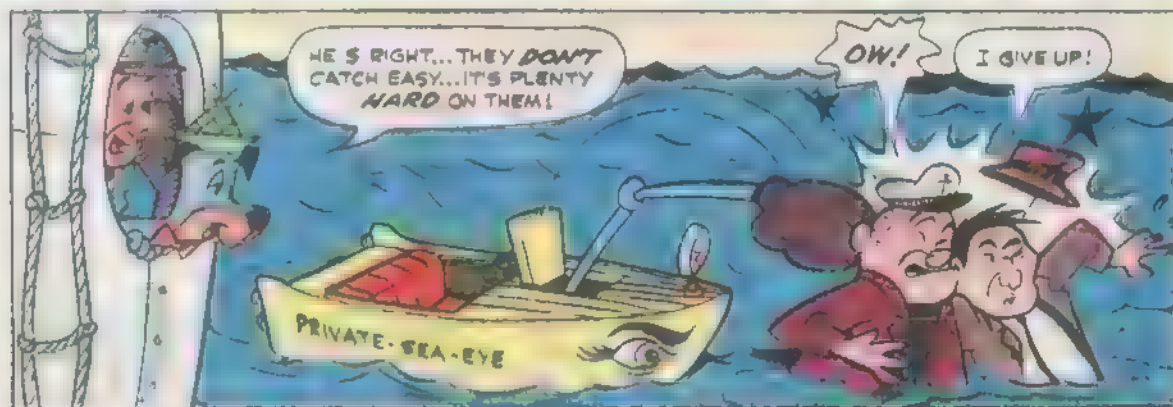
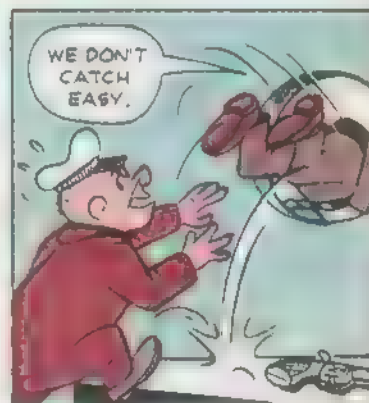
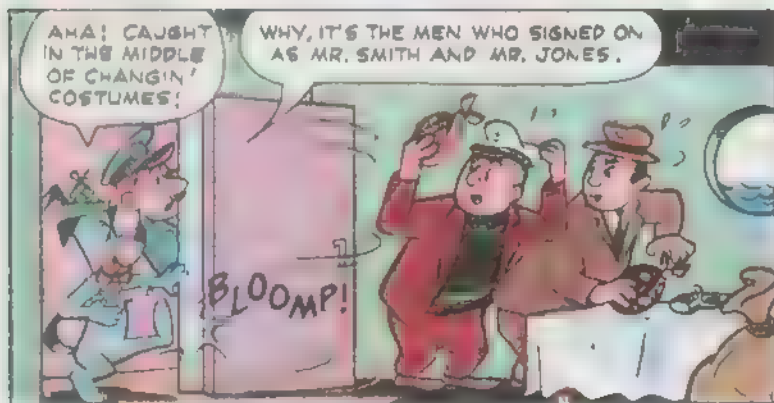
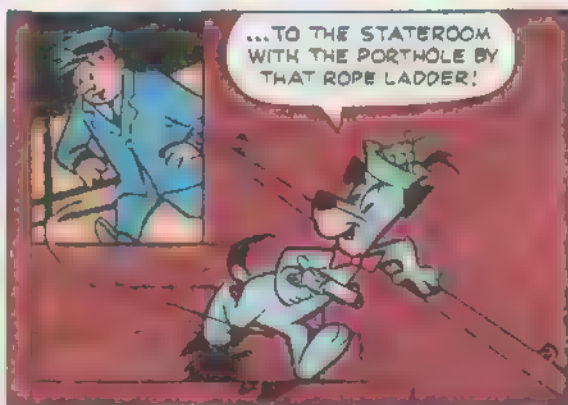
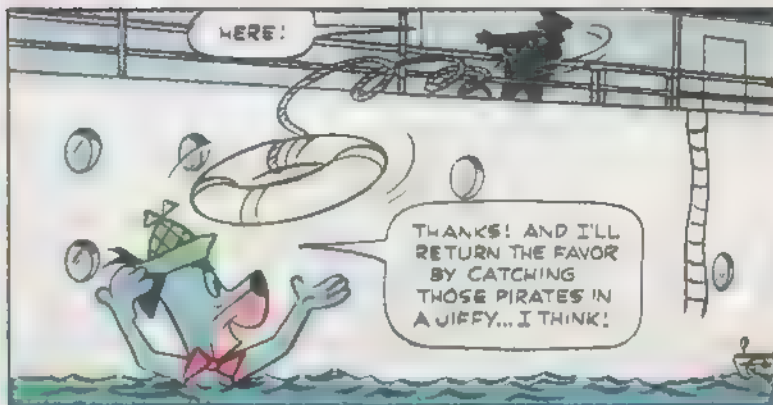




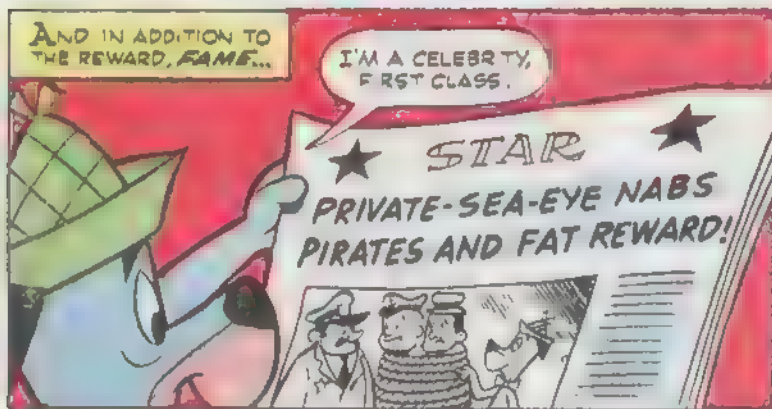
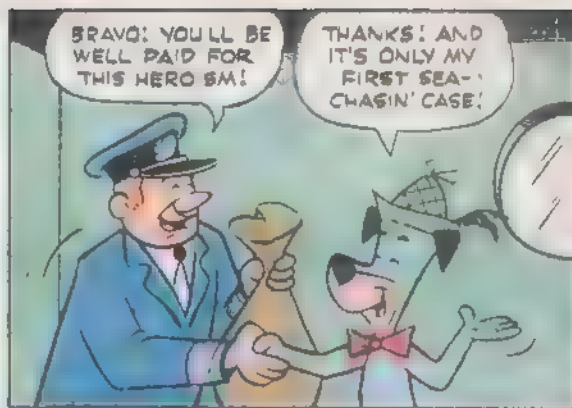
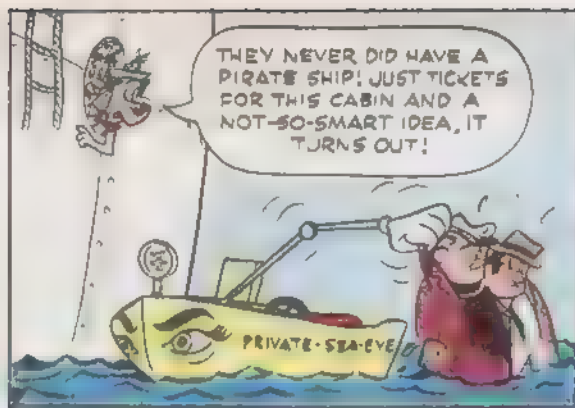








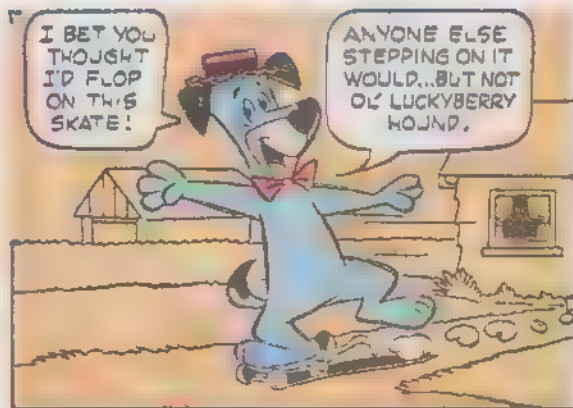
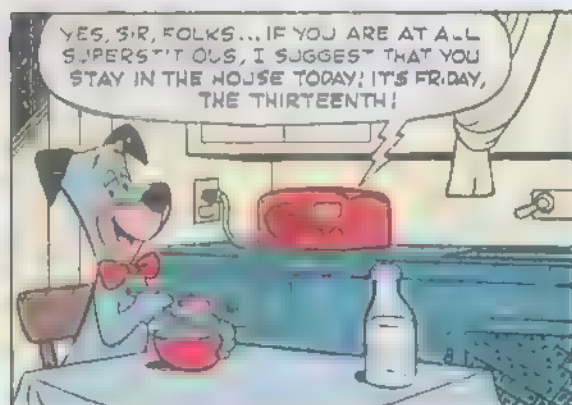
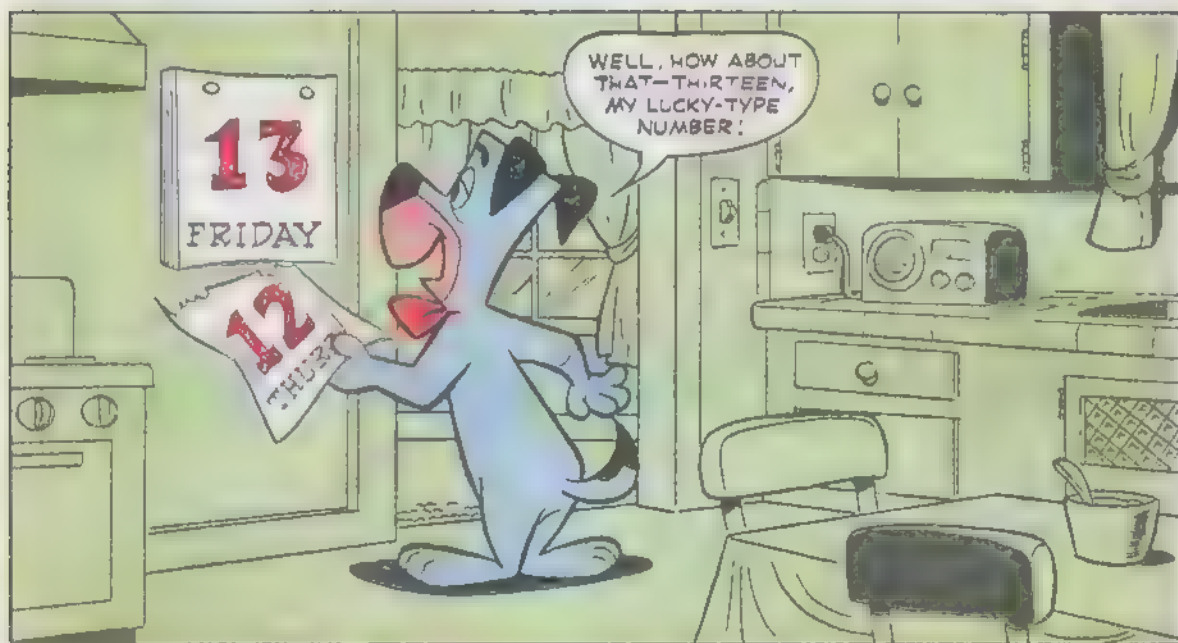




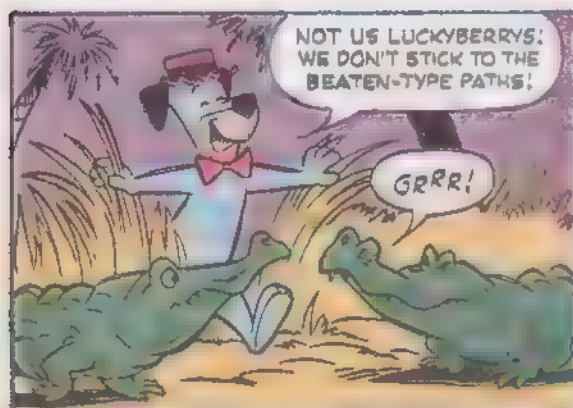
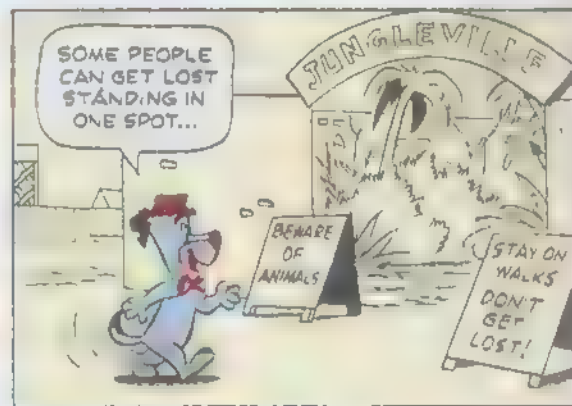
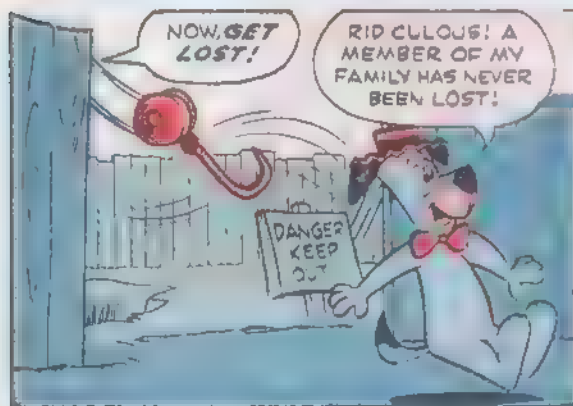
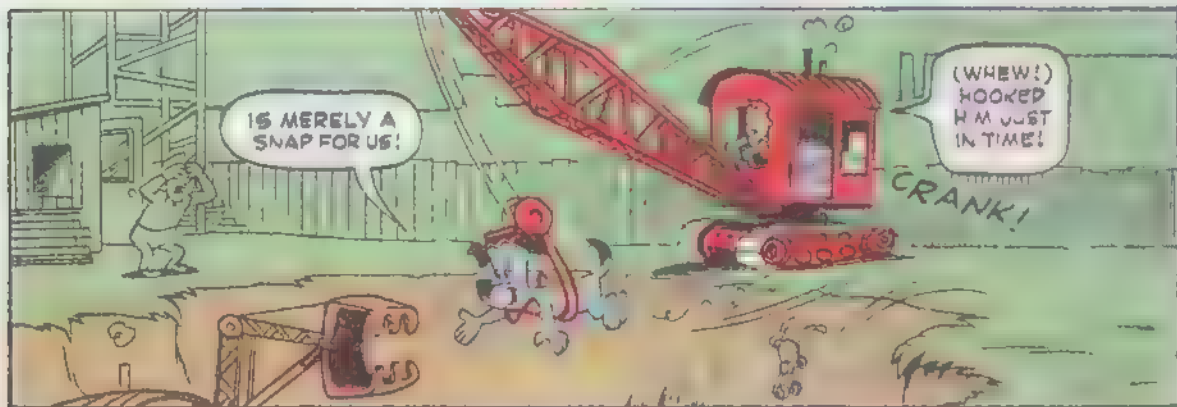
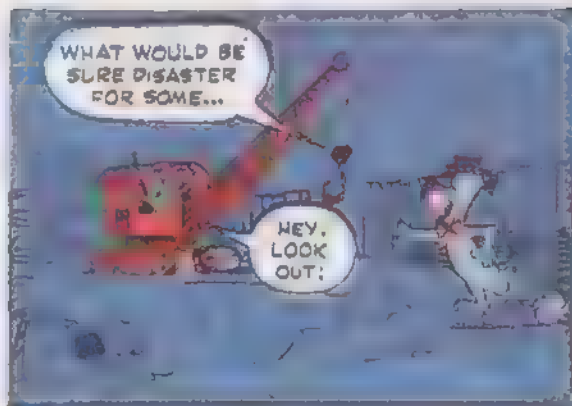
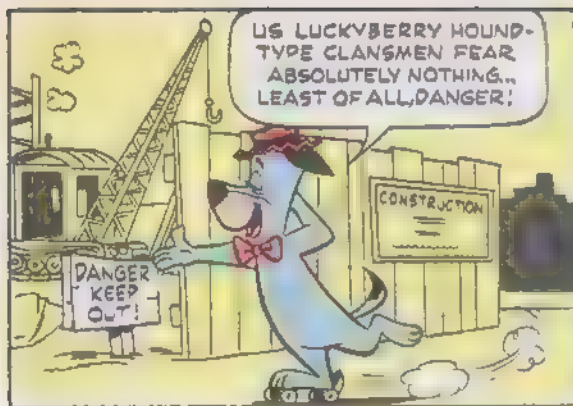


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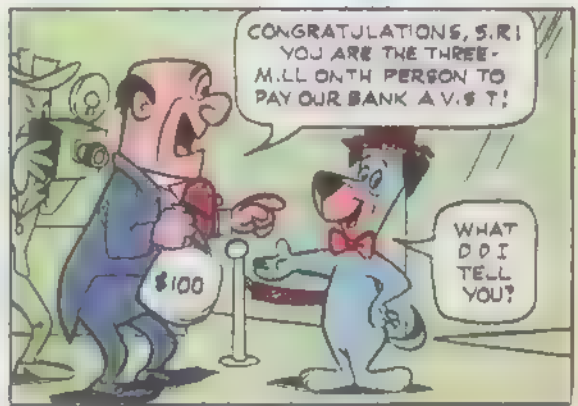
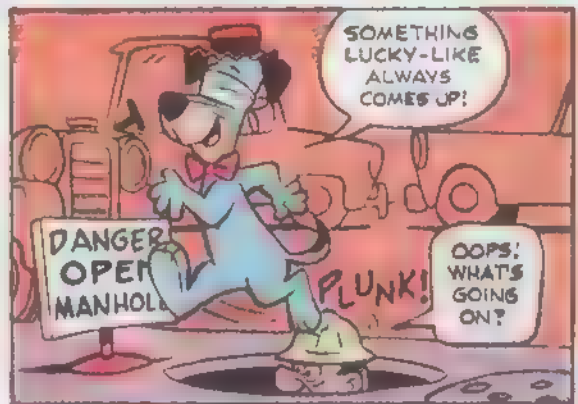
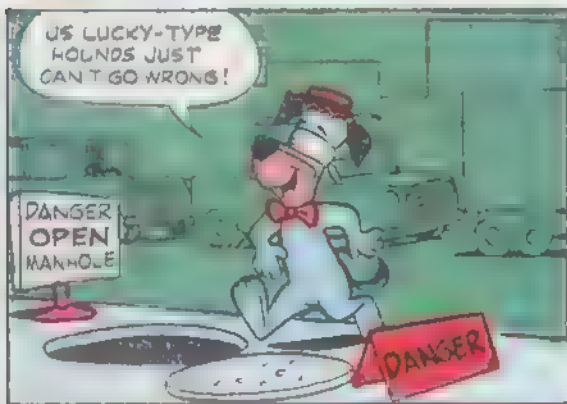
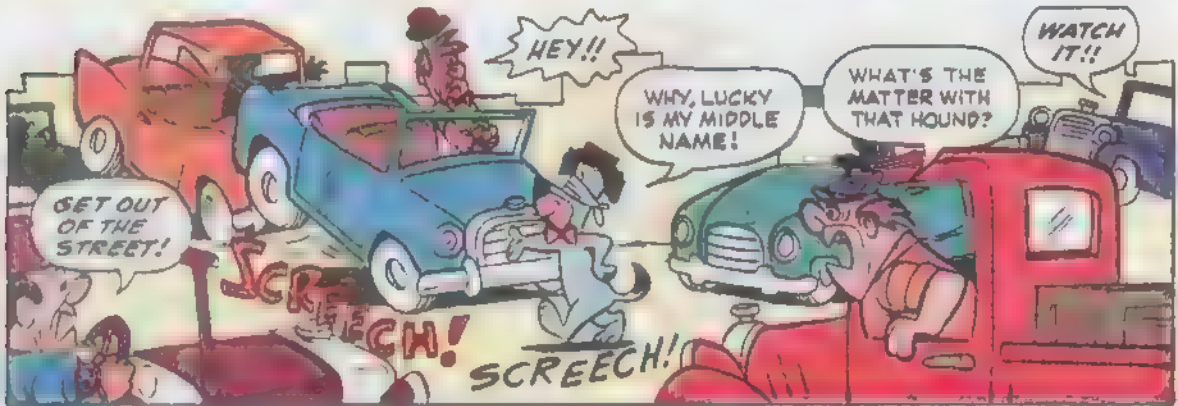
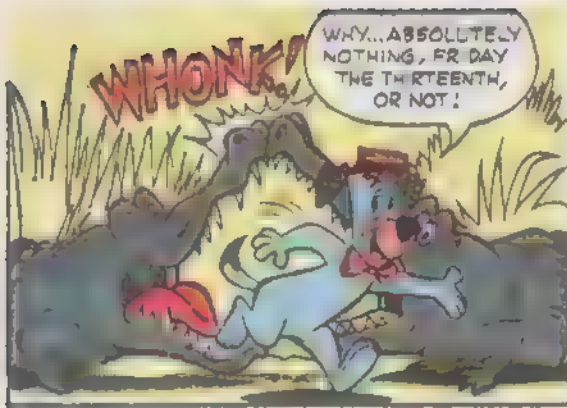
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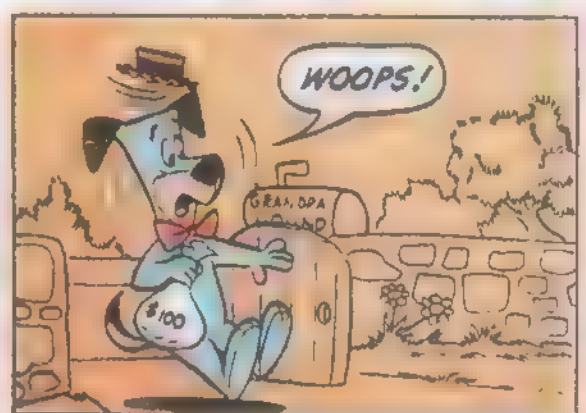
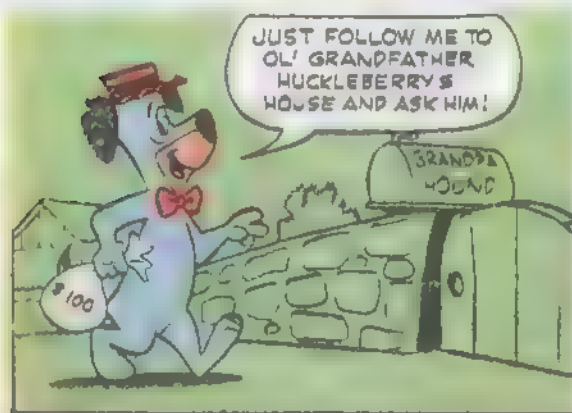
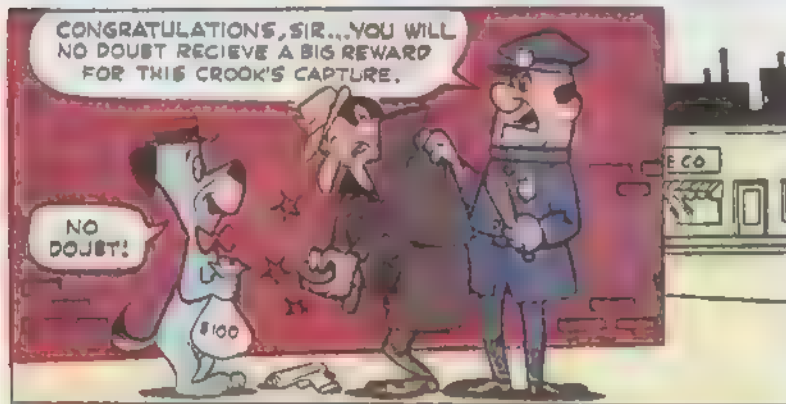
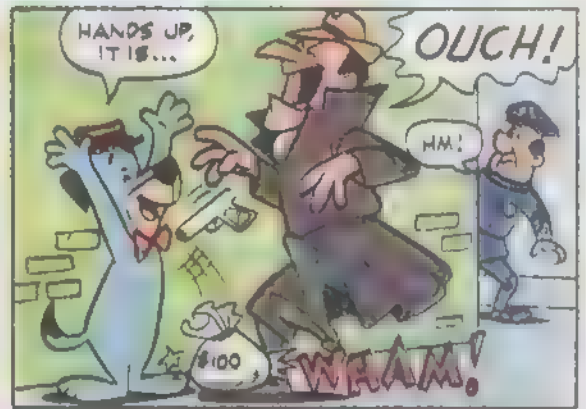
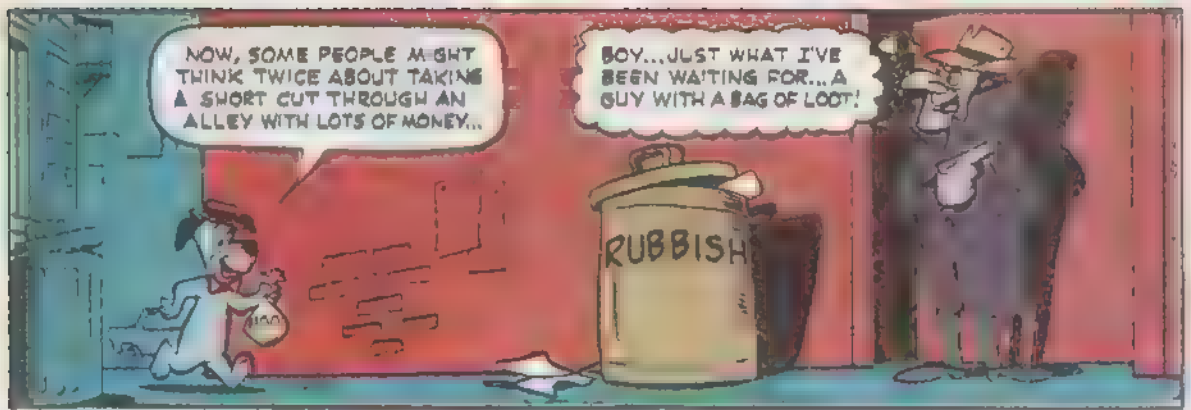




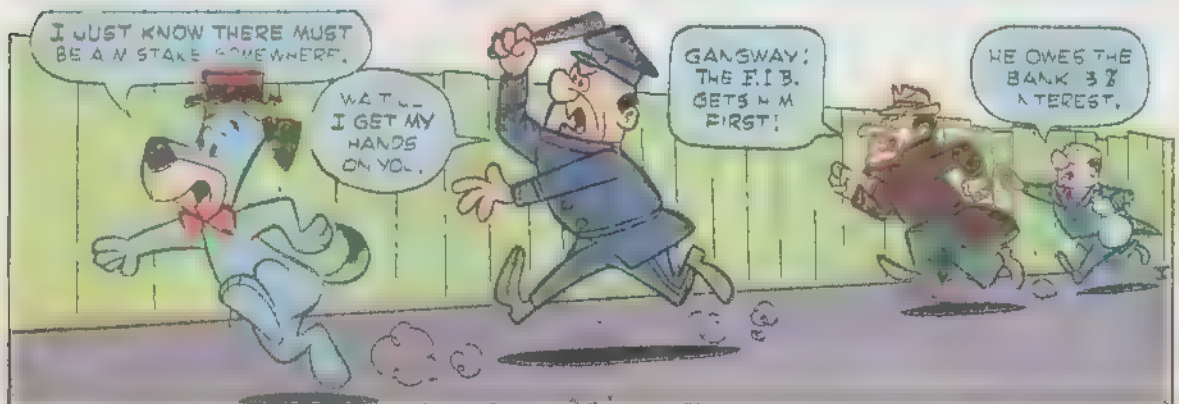
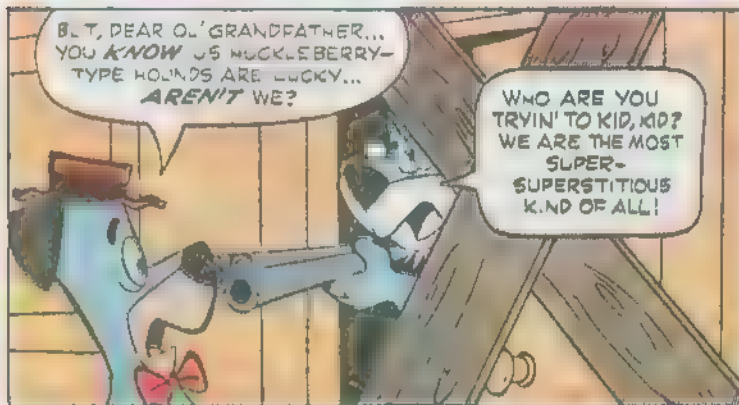
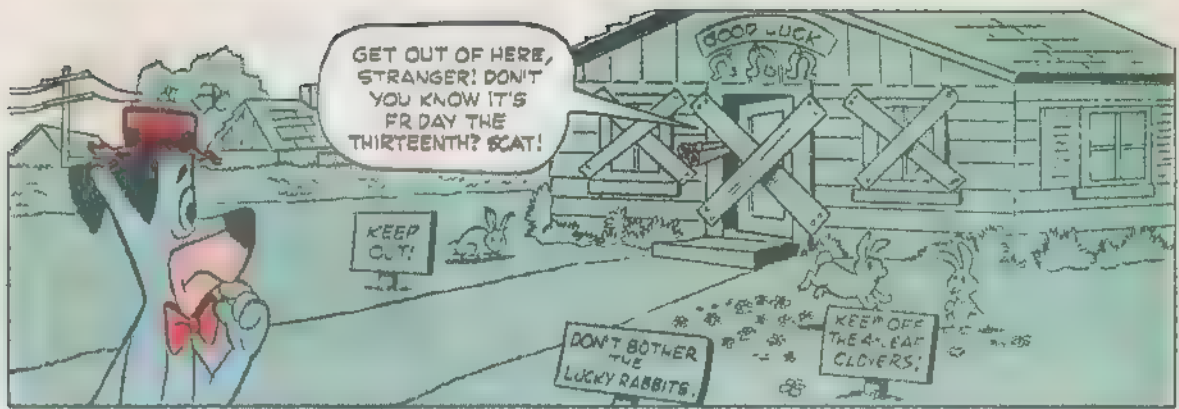




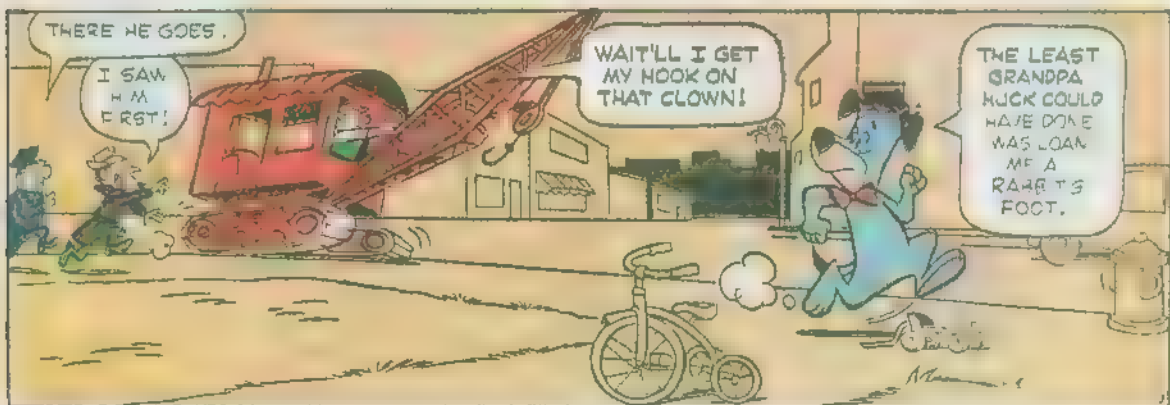
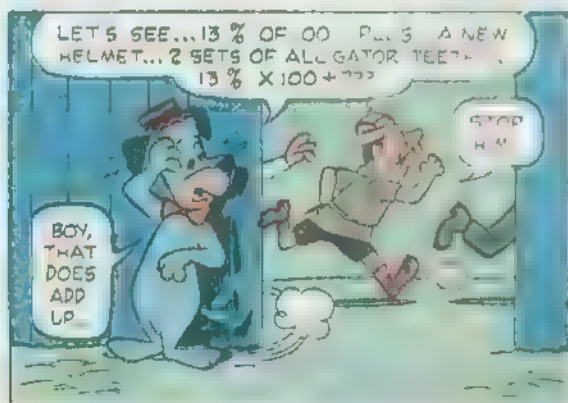
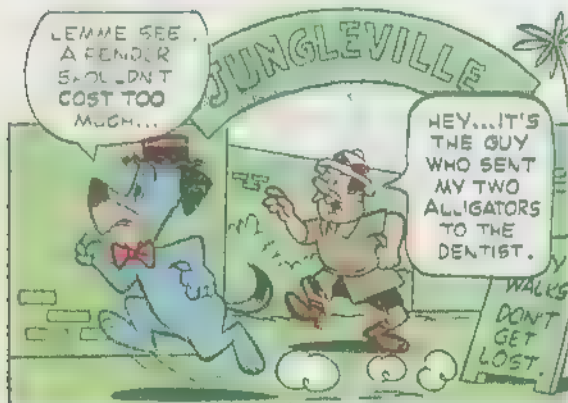
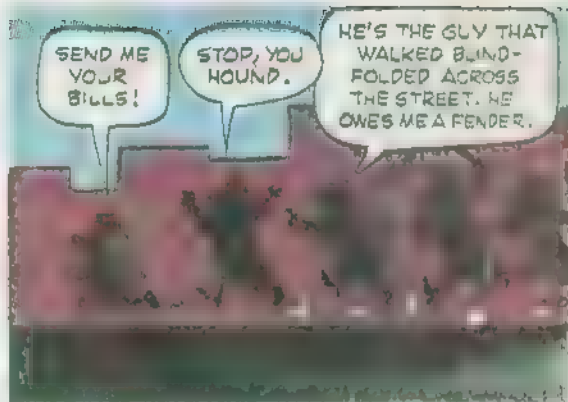
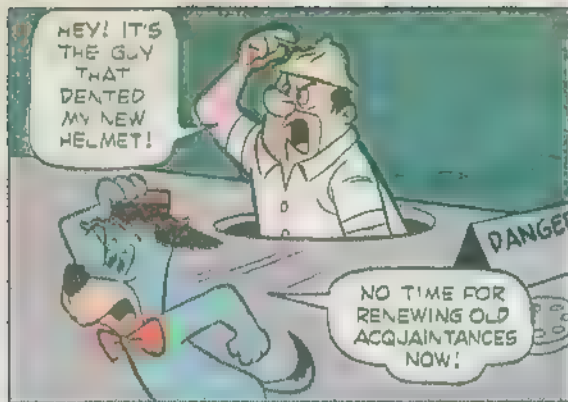




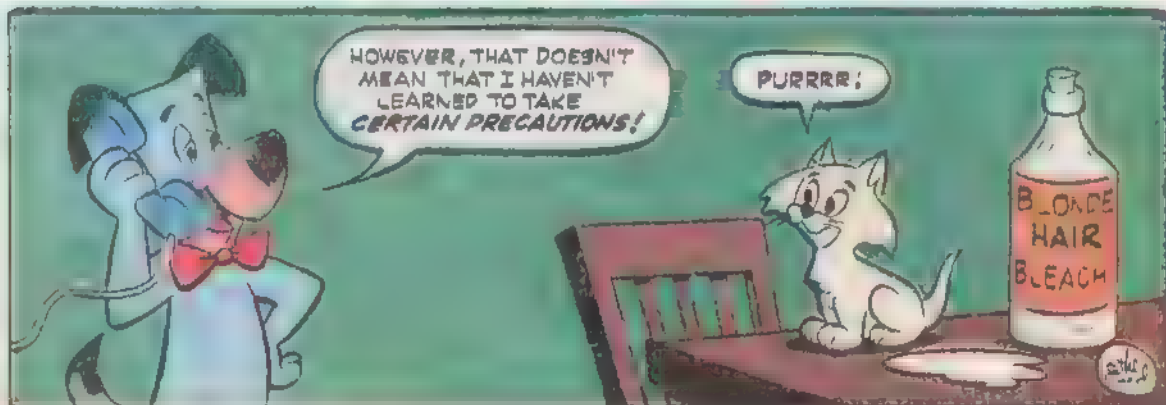
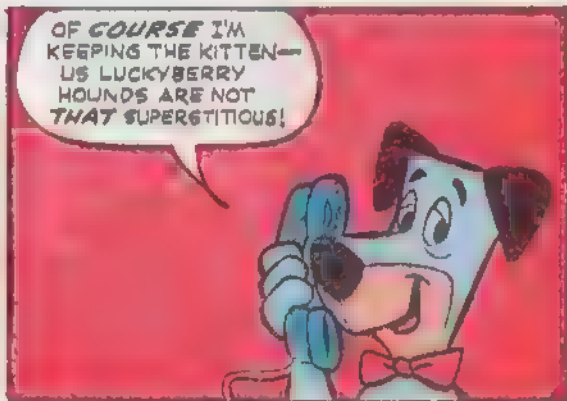
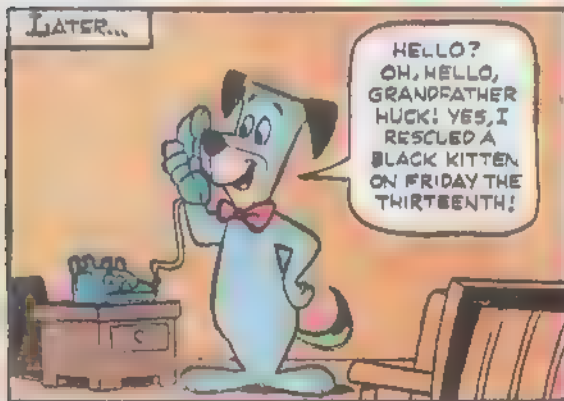
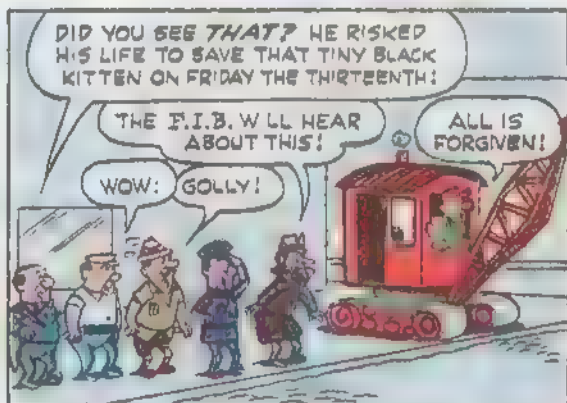
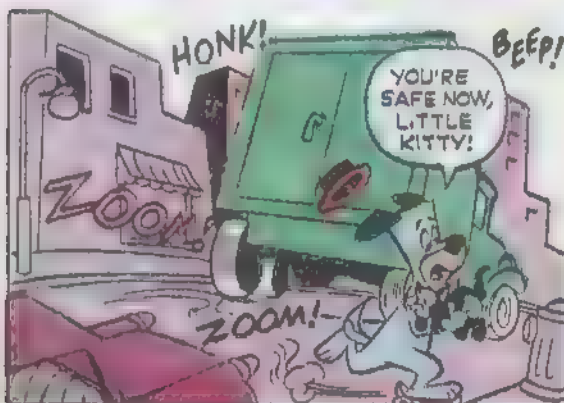
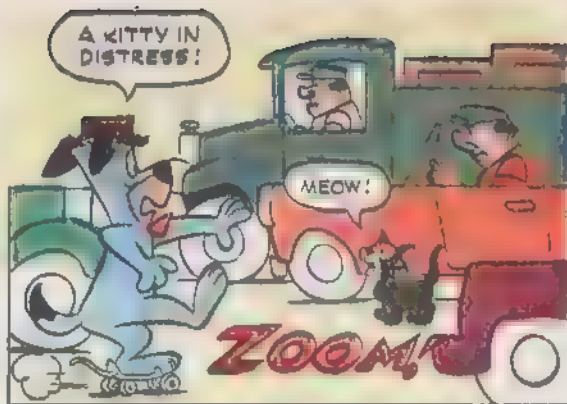
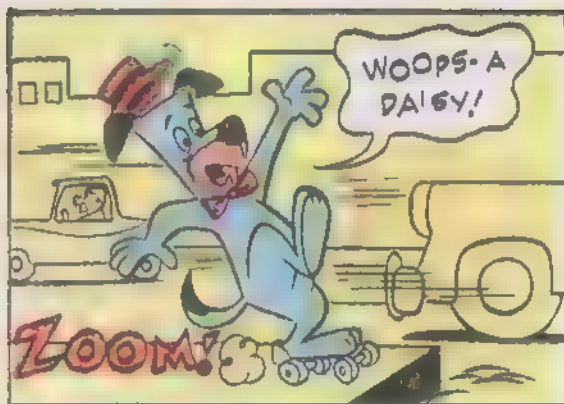








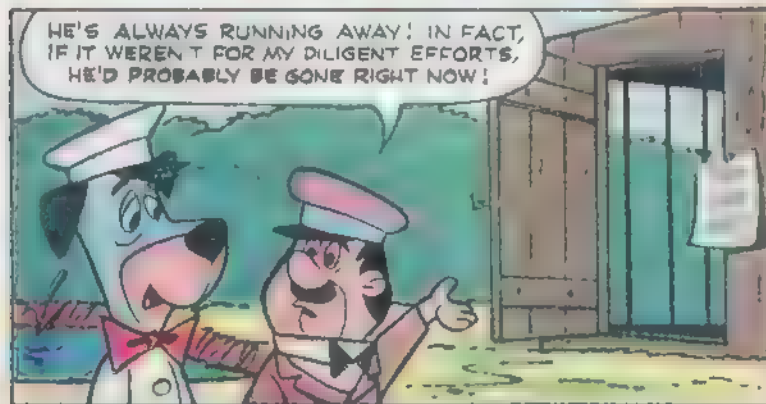
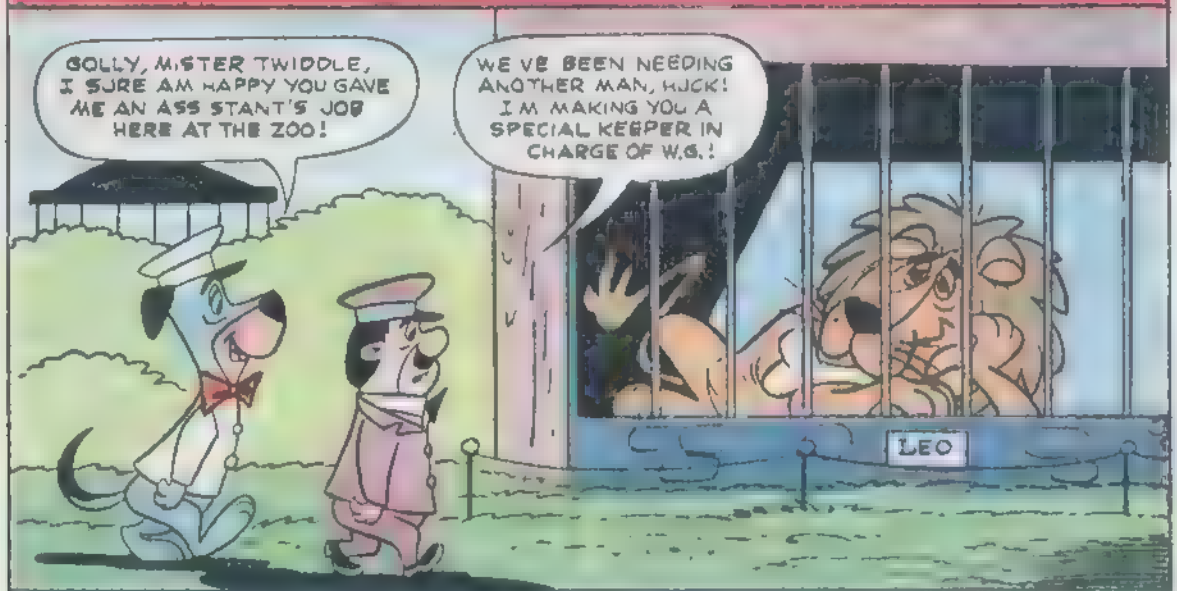




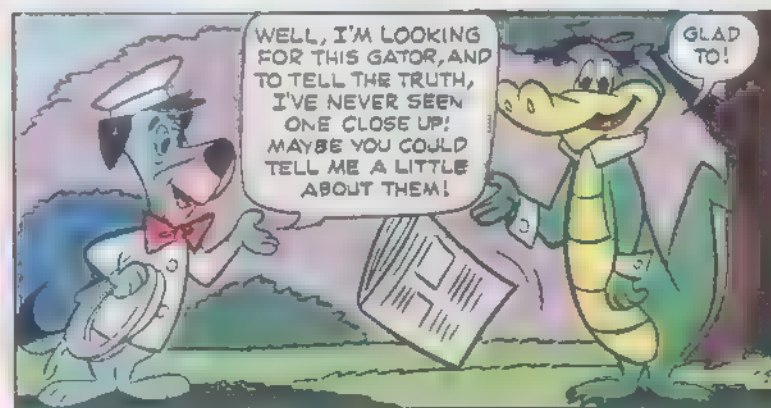
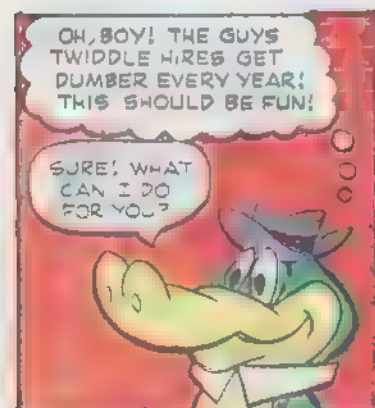
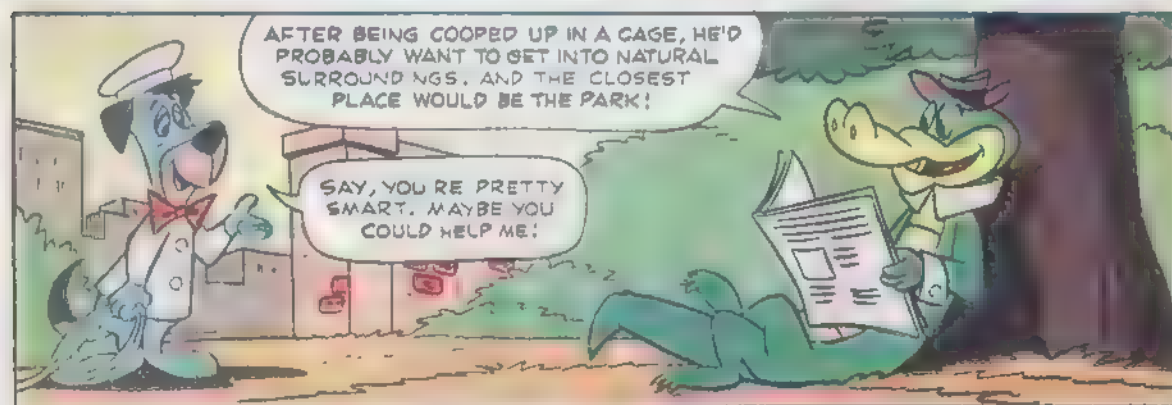
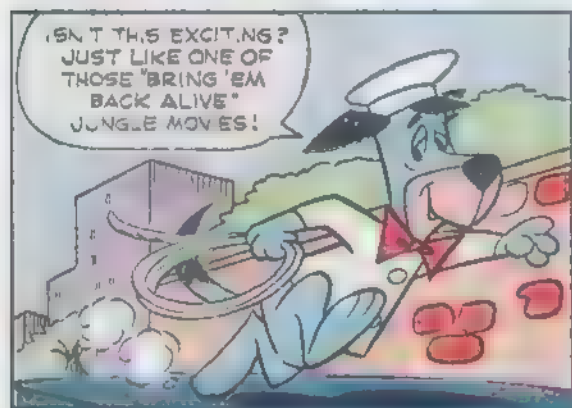
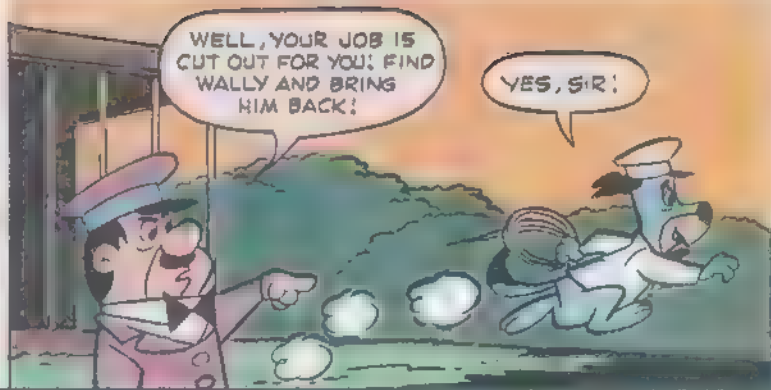
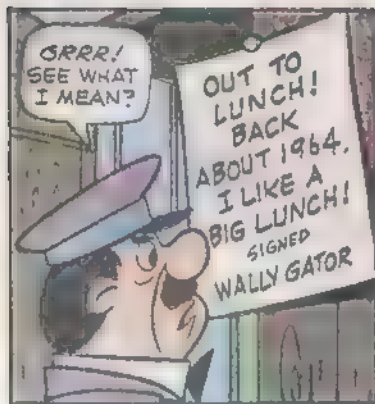


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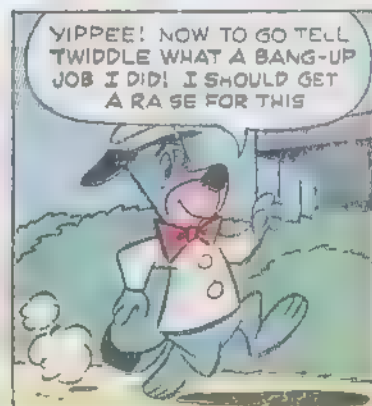
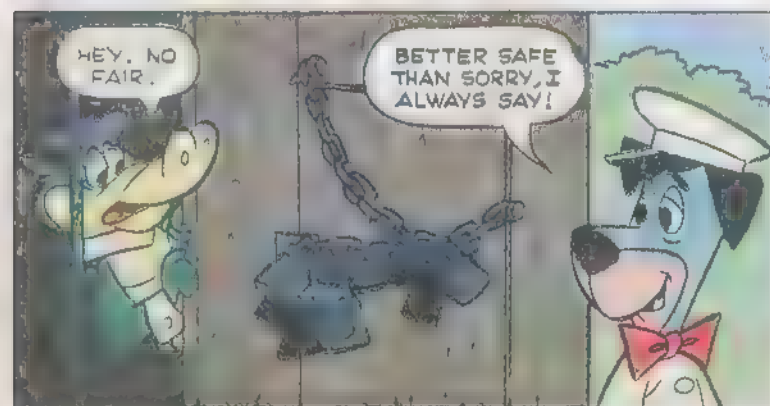
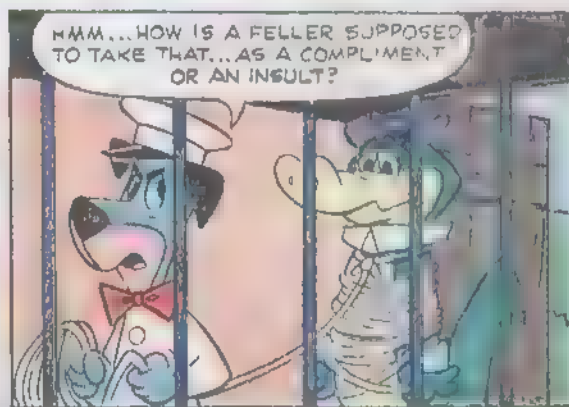
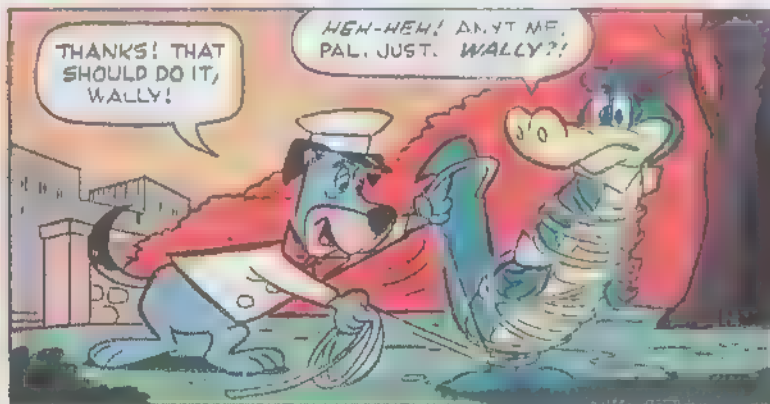
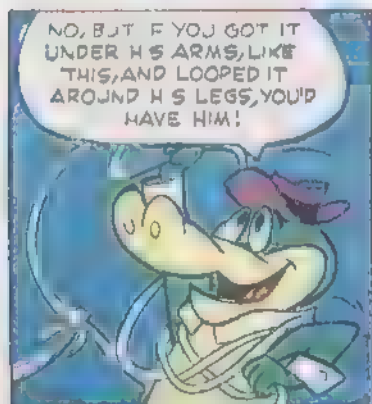
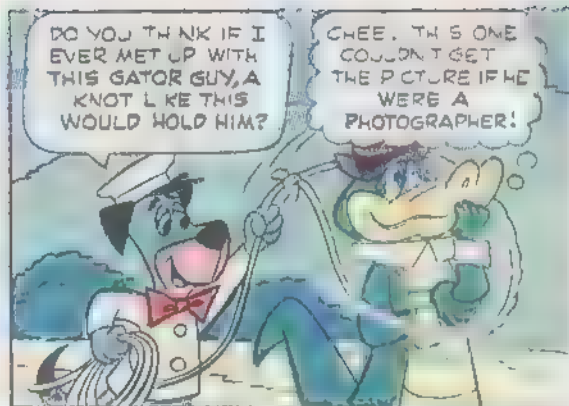
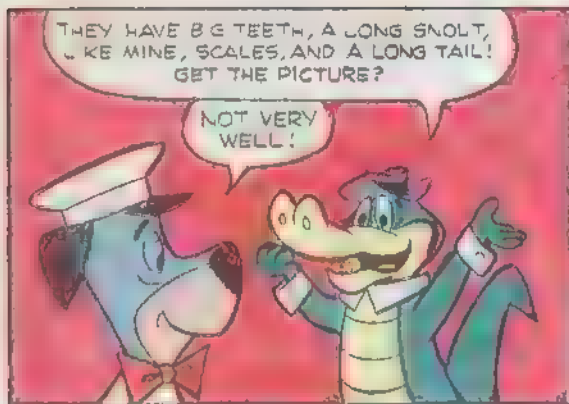
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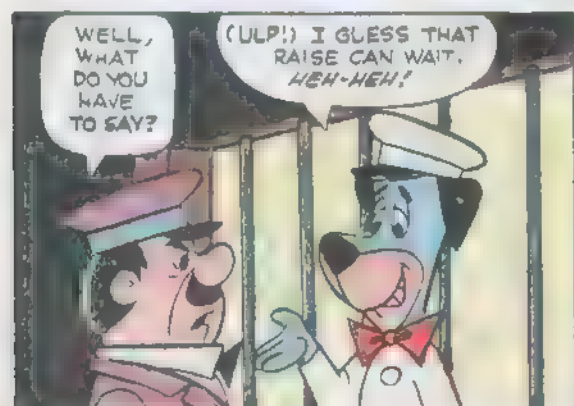
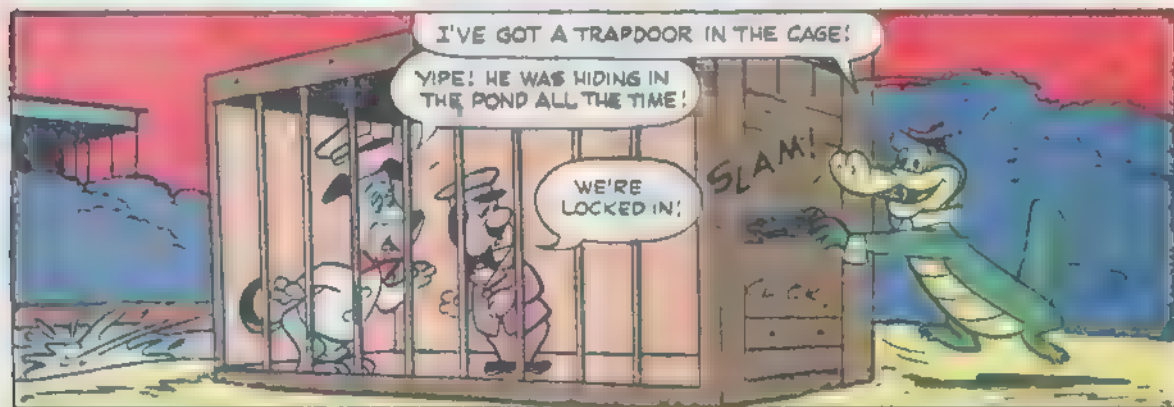
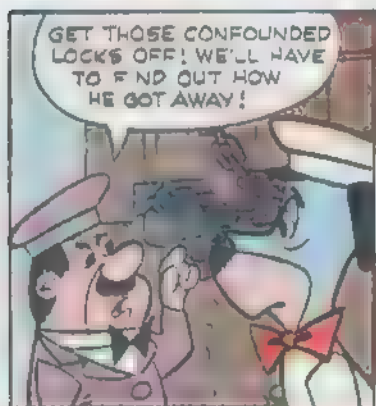
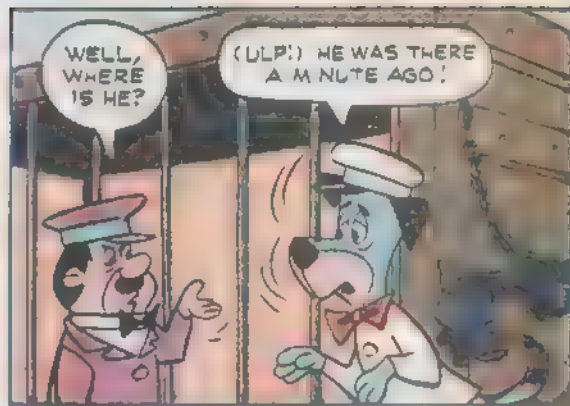
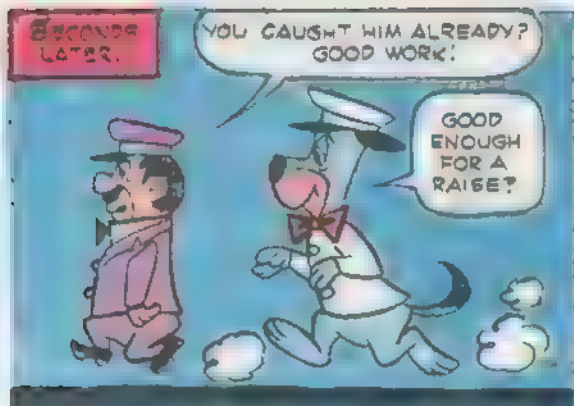




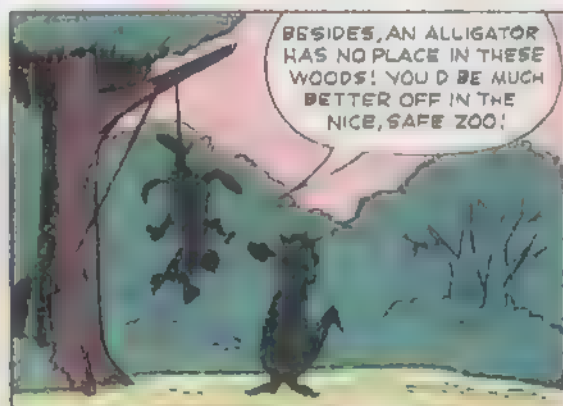
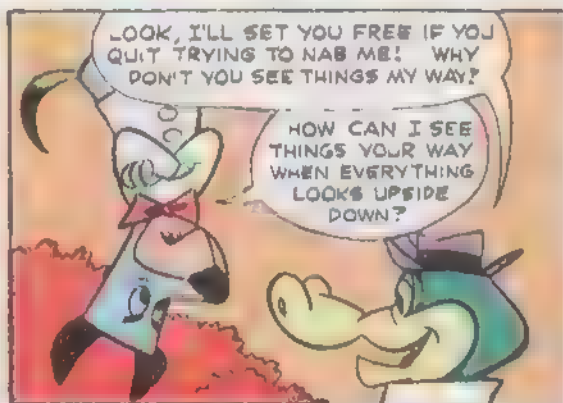
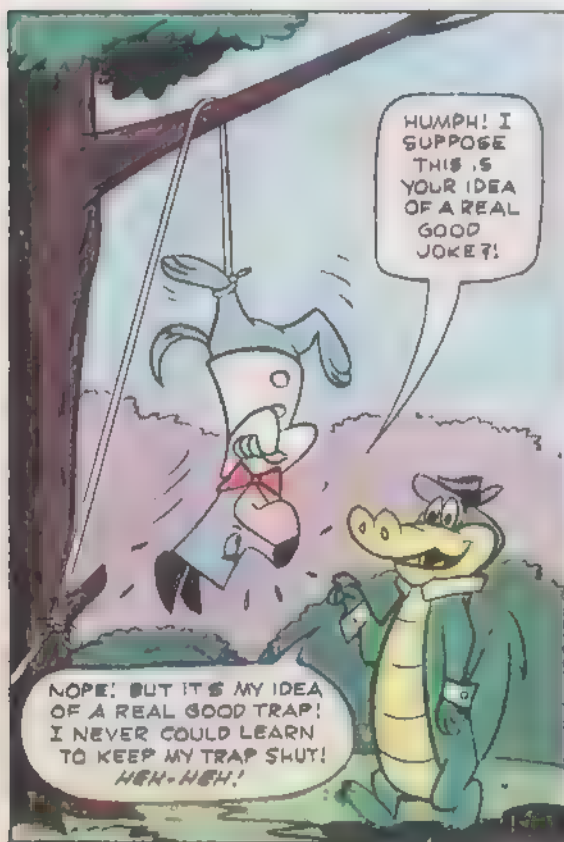
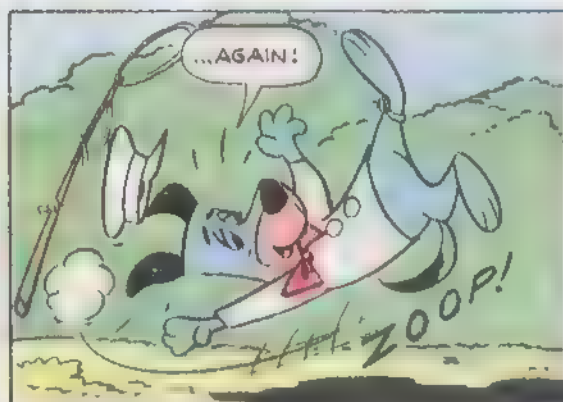
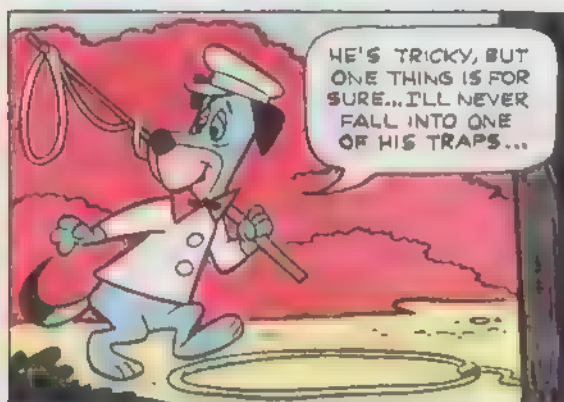
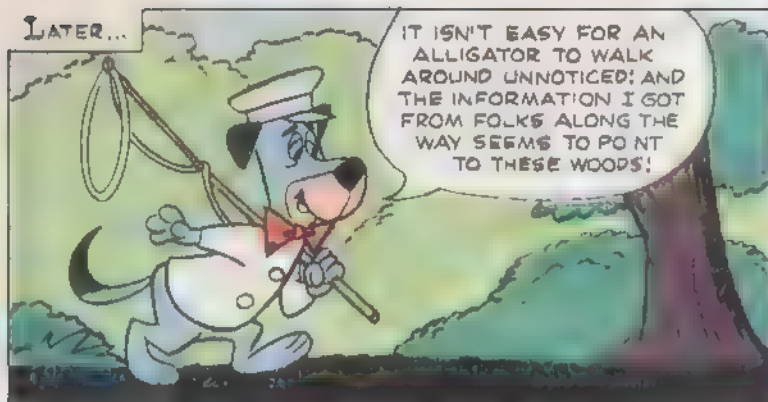


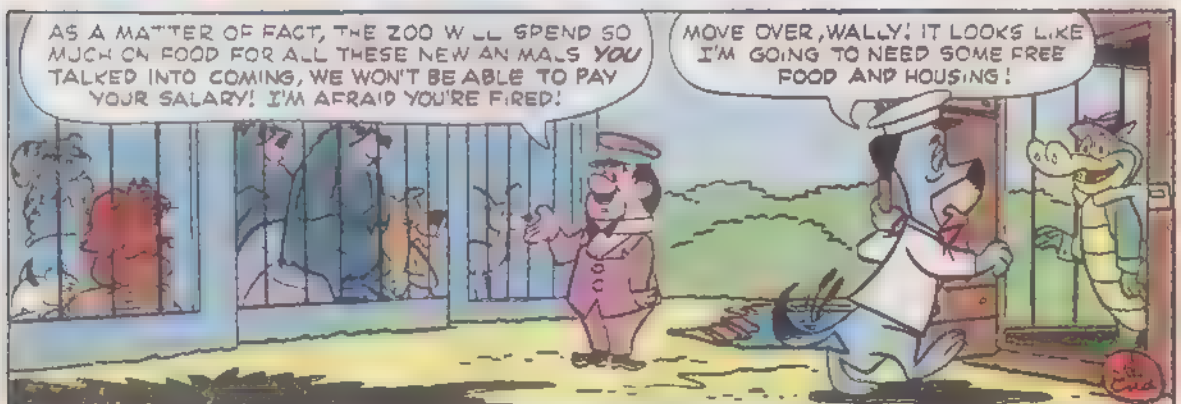
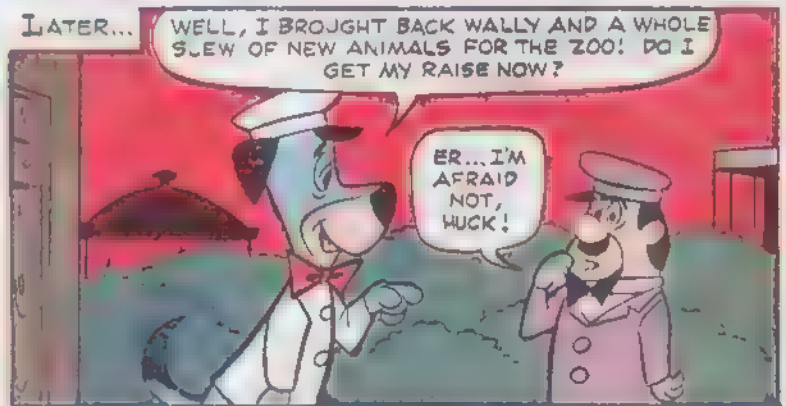
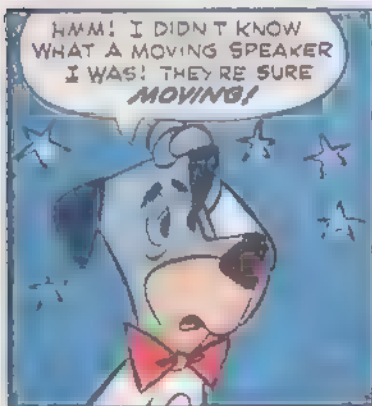
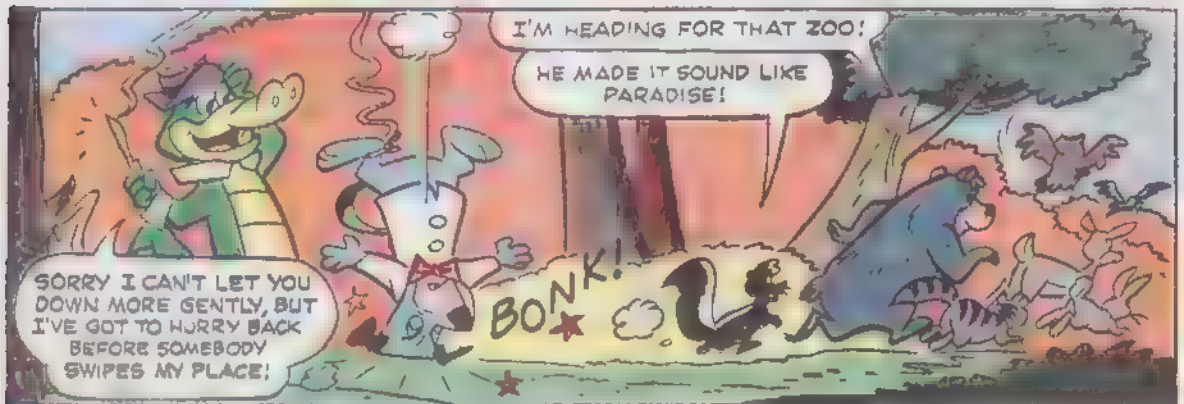
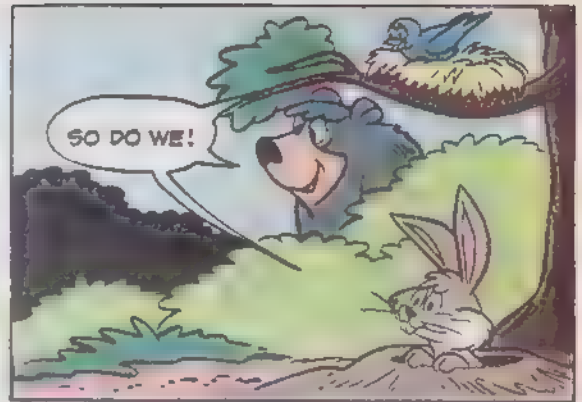
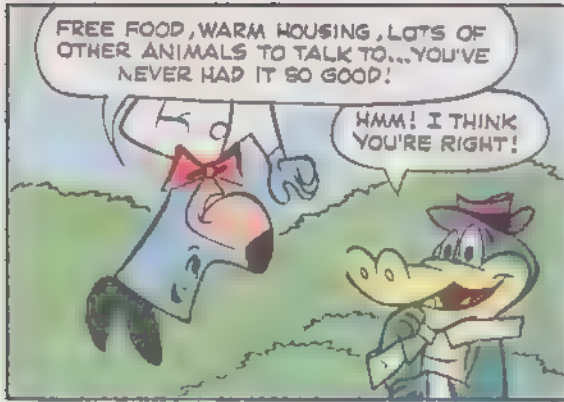














# PACKY, THE CRANE



One day, as Packy, the forgetful little elephant, roamed through the jungle, he heard strange noises. Moving toward the sound, he came upon a group of men working. They were putting up a building.

"These must be the men my father told me about," thought Packy. "I think I'll watch them a little while."

Although Packy's father had told him that he need not be afraid of these men, for they were not hunters, Packy, nevertheless, stayed behind some high brush. As he watched, a deafening chugging noise filled the air, and a long, glistening metal arm started to move! Carefully, it reached down and picked up some building material in its claws. Then it swung around in a half circle and swiftly lifted the material high into the air, setting it neatly down on top of a wall, right near the workmen's feet!

"It's a monster!" Packy gasped. "A monster of metal!"

Fascinated, Packy watched as the metal monster picked things up and set them down, again and again, chugging and roar-

ing all the while it moved smoothly in the air. Then, suddenly, all was quiet. The monster stood motionless, its work done for the time being. Now Packy could hear the workmen, as they talked.

"That crane's sure a big help," said one, pointing to the metal monster.

"It sure is," agreed the other. "It saves us a lot of hard work, carrying our building supplies up here."

"That marvelous metal monster is called a crane! And I always thought a crane was a bird," Packy thought in surprise. "Wait till I tell my jungle friends about this wonderful discovery."

Packy soon forgot about telling his friends, however. He had gone only a short distance, when he came upon a very worried mother bird. Fluttering around in her despair, she cried, "Oh, my poor baby, my poor baby! Whatever will I do?"

"What's the matter?" asked Packy. "Where is your baby?"

"My baby fell out of our nest," wailed the mother bird, "and he's too young to fly! How will I ever get him back home, way up in that tree?"

"Maybe I can help," said Packy kindly, taking a step forward.

"Be careful!" screeched the mother bird. Then she sighed, "Oh, forgive me. I should not have screeched at you like that. It's just that I'm so upset! And," she pointed, "my baby's right at your feet!"

"I understand. And don't you worry any more," Packy said, comforting her. "We'll have your baby back in his nest in no time at all. Just watch."

Packy gently picked up the tiny baby bird in his trunk; and, chugging to himself, he swung his trunk in a half circle. Then he lifted the baby bird high into the air and neatly set it down into its nest, all safe and sound!

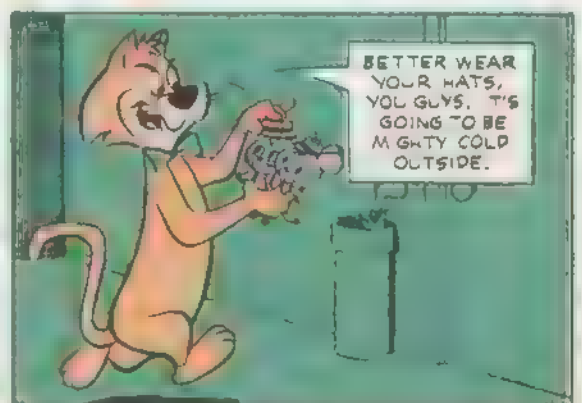
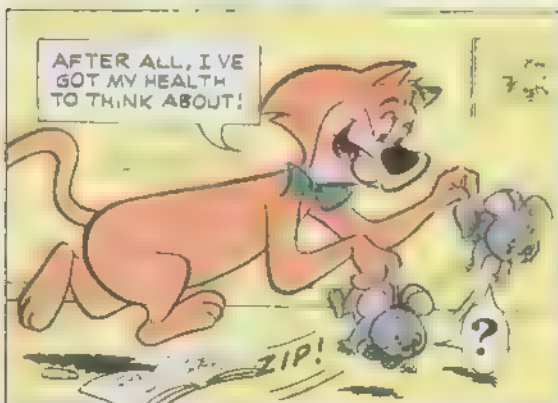
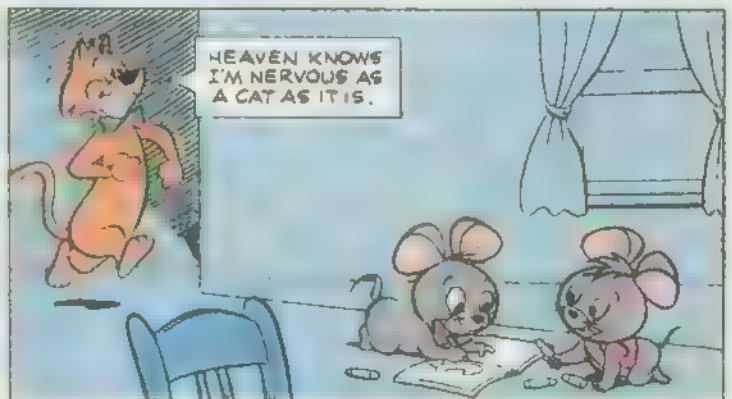
"Oh," exclaimed the mother bird. "That was beautifully done! You handled my baby so carefully, your trunk seemed to just glide through the air! Thank you!"

"You are welcome," replied Packy. "It was easy, because I'm a crane."

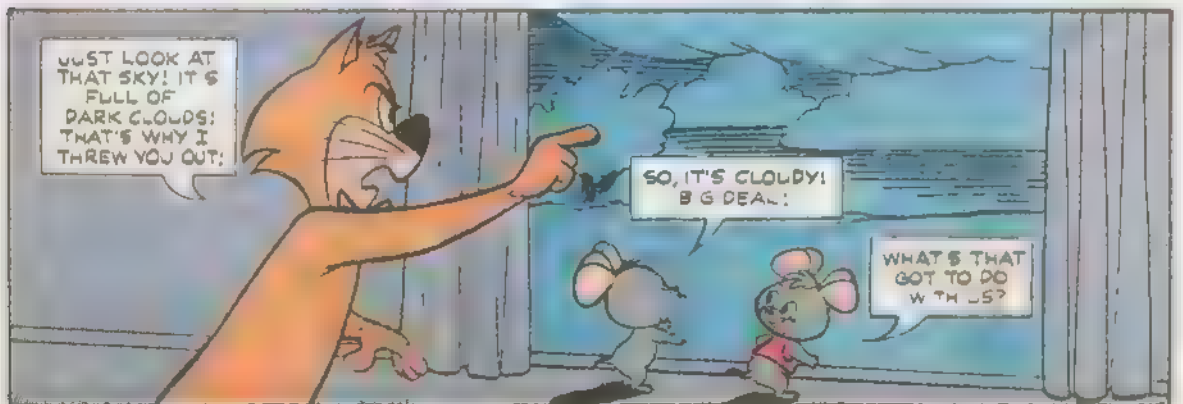
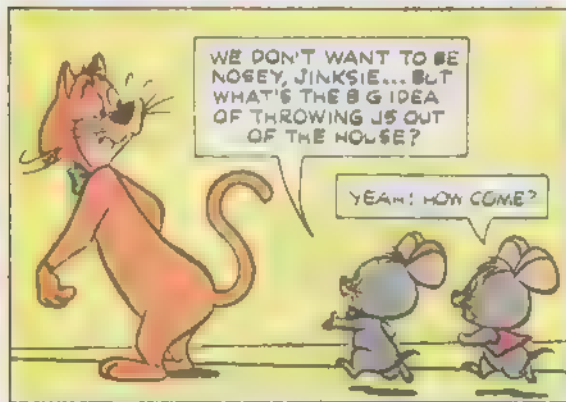
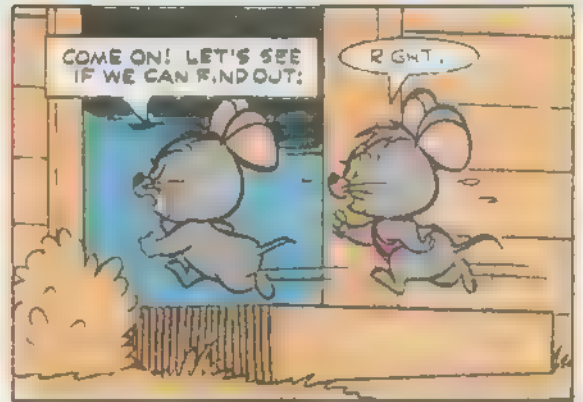
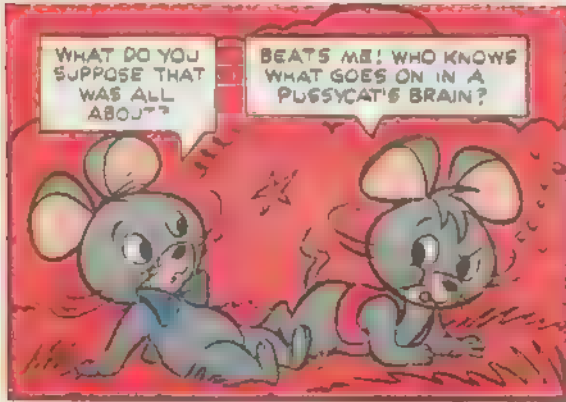
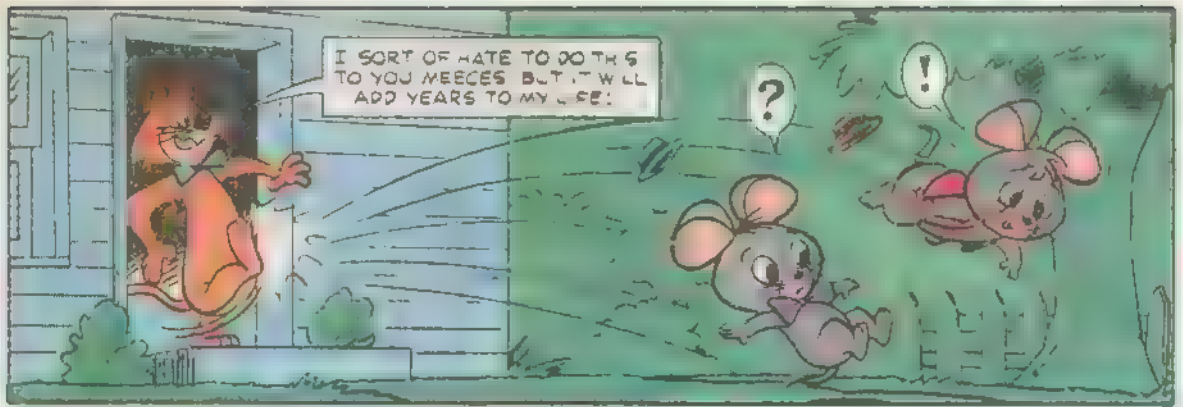
Then Packy went on his way, chugging to himself, and leaving a grateful but very puzzled mother bird behind.

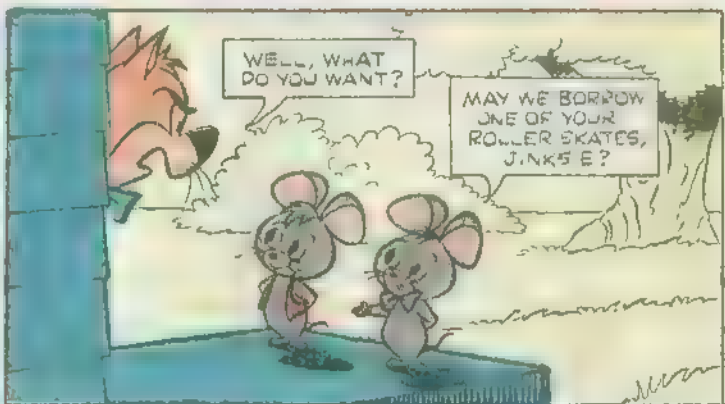
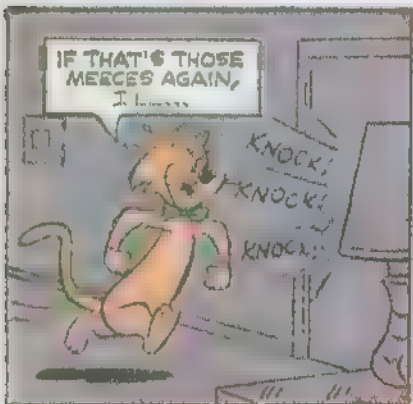
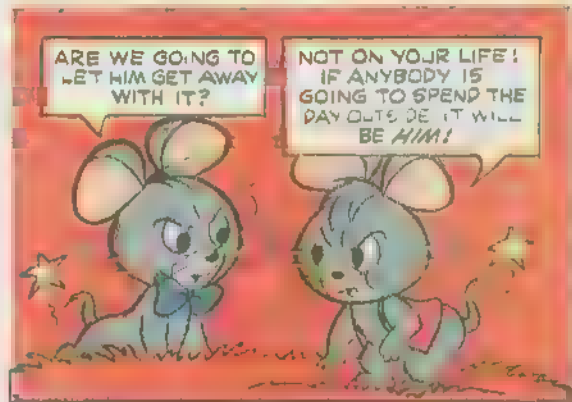
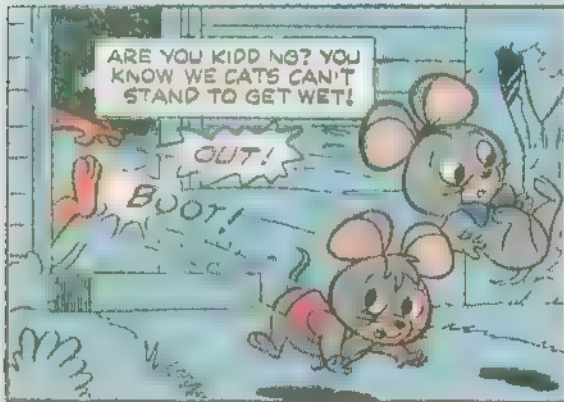
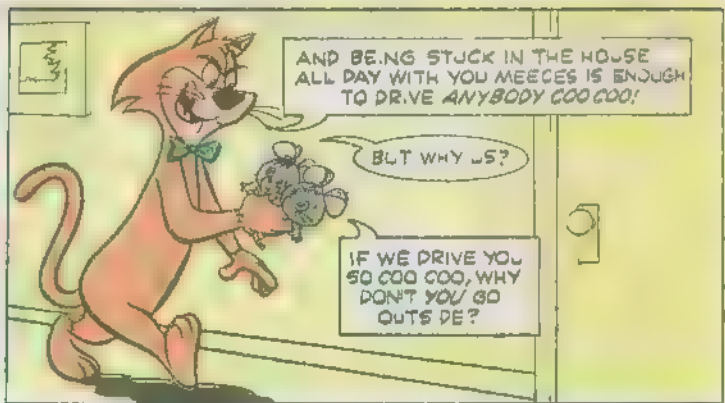
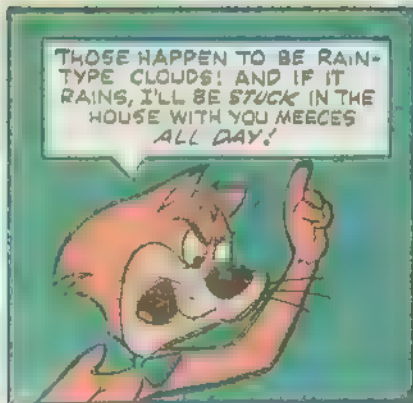
Hanna-Barbera  
PIXIE, DIXIE and  
MR. JINKS

# A CAT'S HOME IS HIS HASSLE

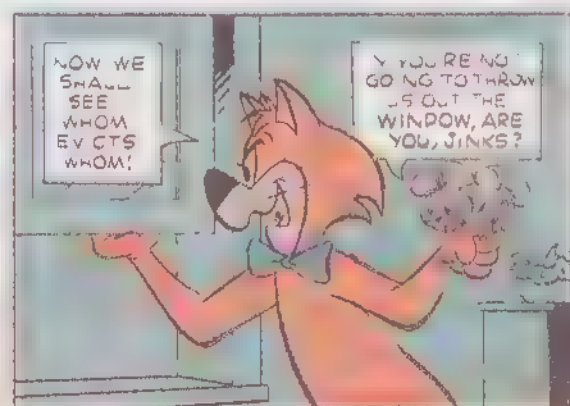
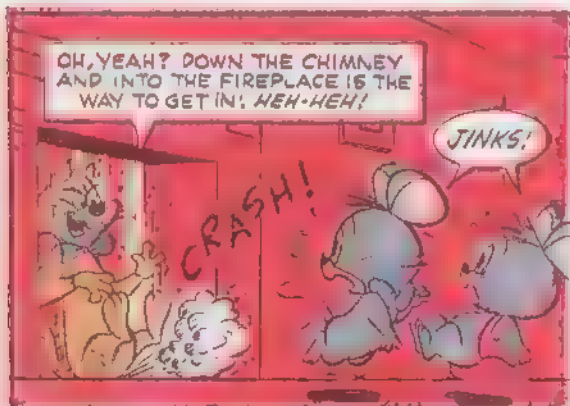
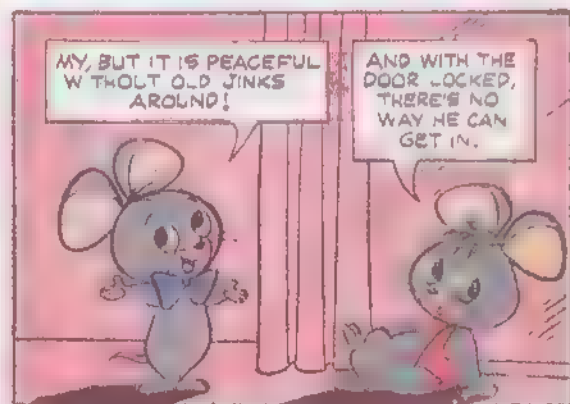
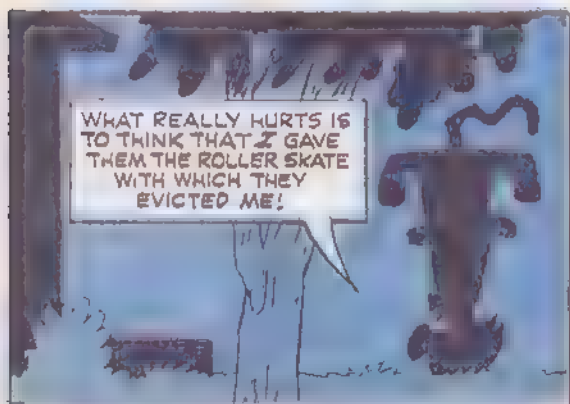
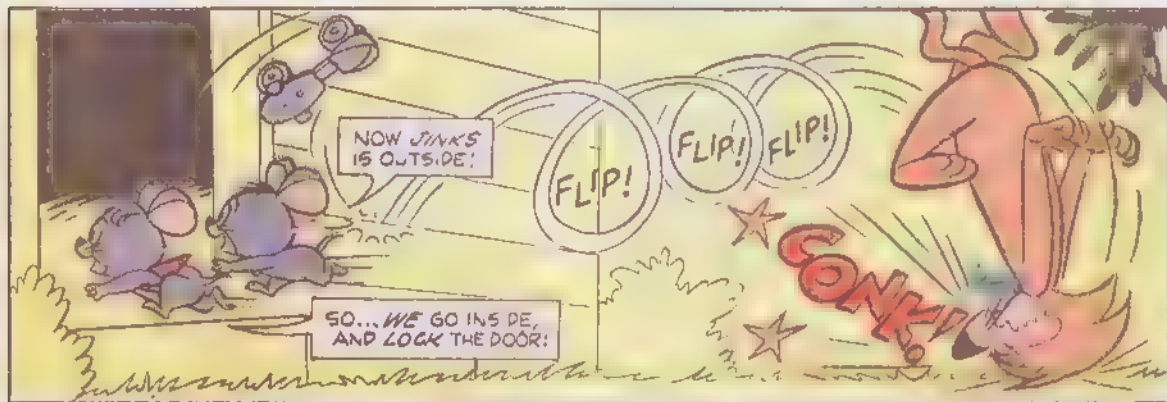
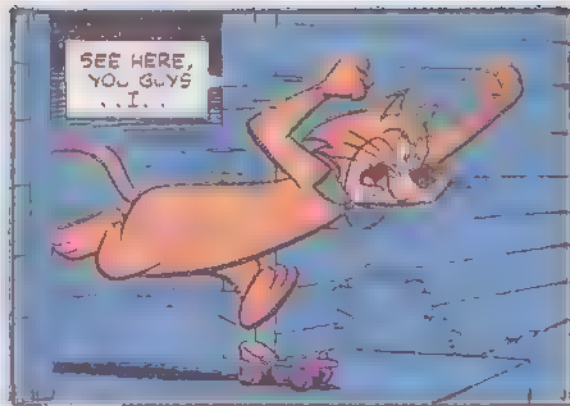
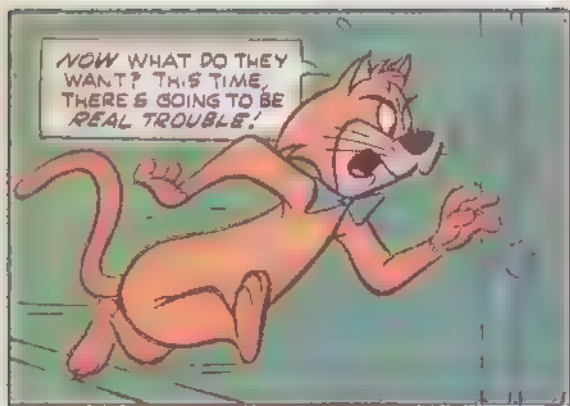


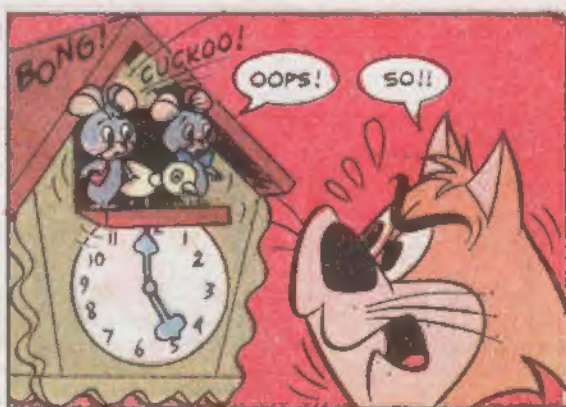
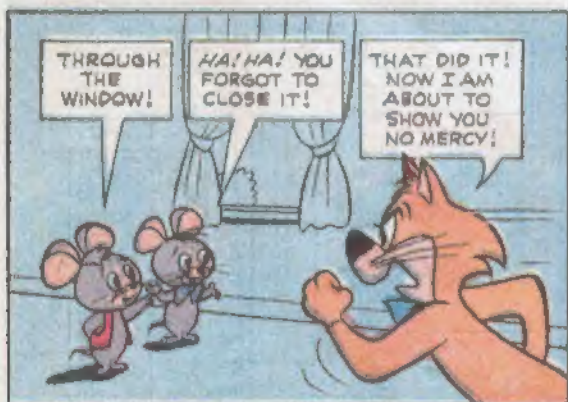
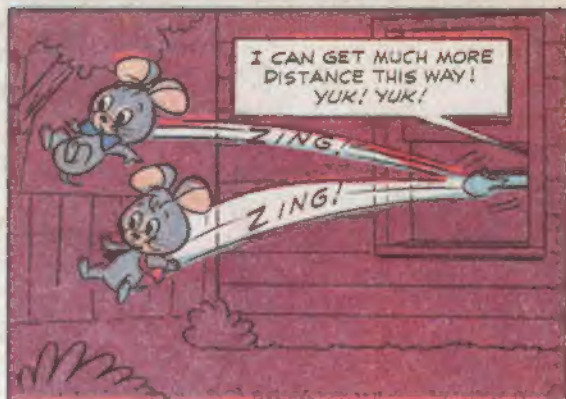
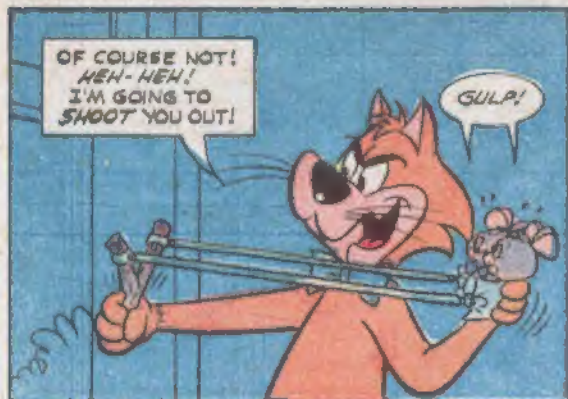








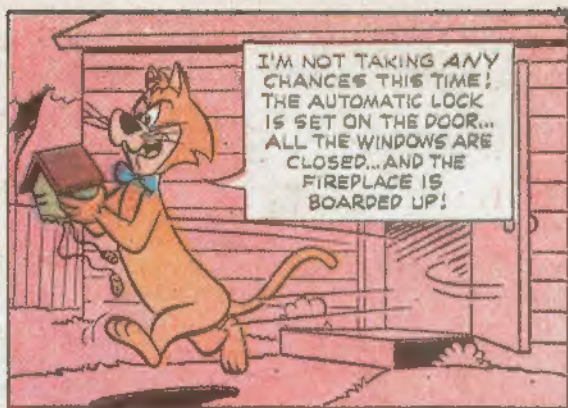








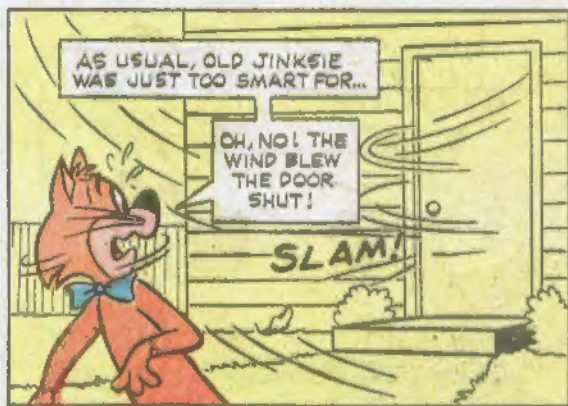
THE COO COOS  
ARE IN THE  
CUCKOO, AND  
THAT'S A GOOD  
PLACE FOR  
THEM! HEH-HEH!



I'M NOT TAKING ANY  
CHANCES THIS TIME!  
THE AUTOMATIC LOCK  
IS SET ON THE DOOR...  
ALL THE WINDOWS ARE  
CLOSED...AND THE  
FIREPLACE IS  
BOARDED UP!



AND THIS IS THE  
END OF THAT!  
YUK! YUK!



AS USUAL, OLD JINKIE  
WAS JUST TOO SMART FOR...

OH, NO! THE  
WIND BLEW  
THE DOOR  
SHUT!

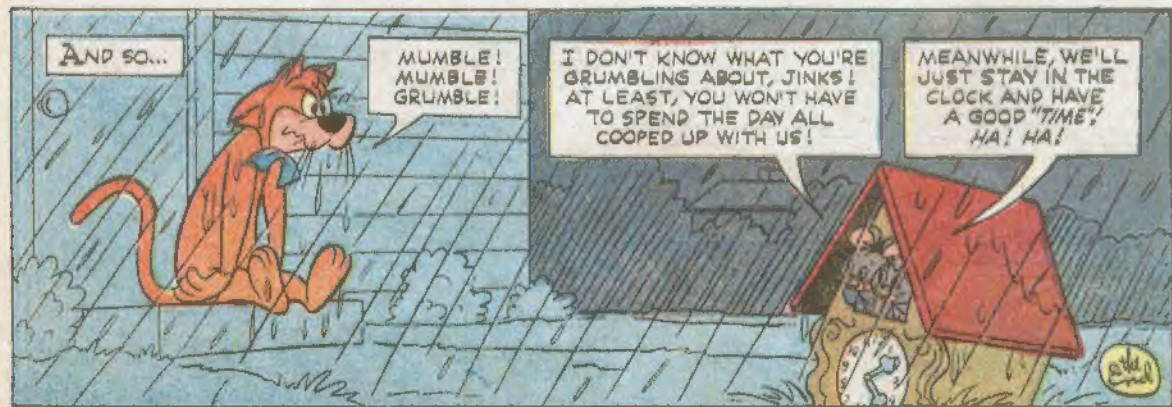
SLAM!



NO! NO! NO!  
EVERYTHING IS LOCKED  
SO TIGHT, NOT EVEN A  
BURGLAR COULD  
GET IN!



AND NOW THAT I'M  
LOCKED OUT...  
NATURALLY IT'S  
STARTING TO RAIN!



AND SO...

MUMBLE!  
MUMBLE!  
GRUMBLE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
GRUMBLING ABOUT, JINKS!  
AT LEAST, YOU WON'T HAVE  
TO SPEND THE DAY ALL  
COOPED UP WITH US!

MEANWHILE, WE'LL  
JUST STAY IN THE  
CLOCK AND HAVE  
A GOOD "TIME!"  
HA! HA!

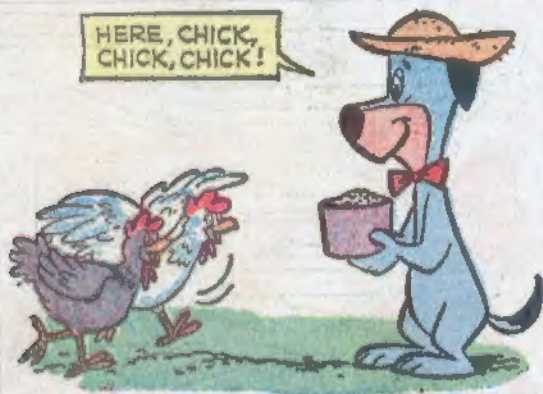
SW



# A Huckleberry Chuckleberry



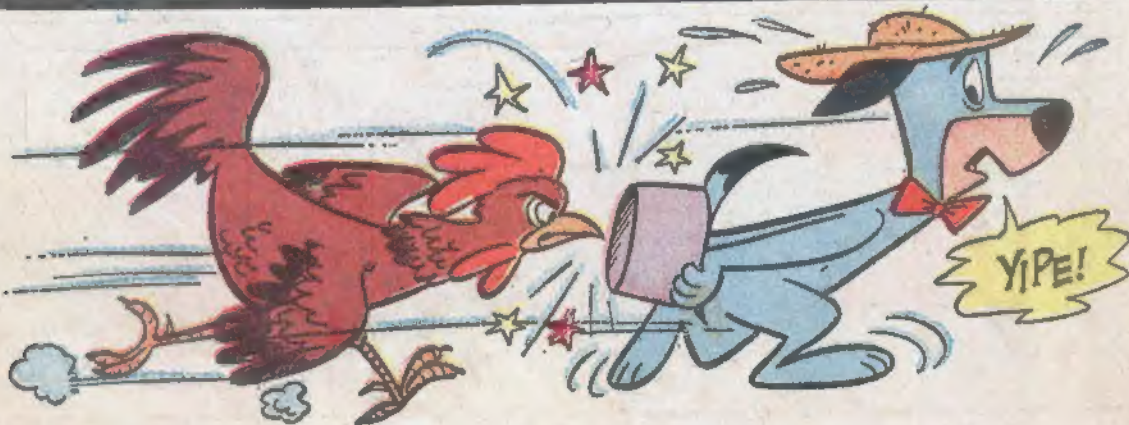
HERE, CHICK,  
CHICK, CHICK!



COME AND  
GET IT!



SORRY... IT'S  
ALL GONE!







KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

# RAILROADS

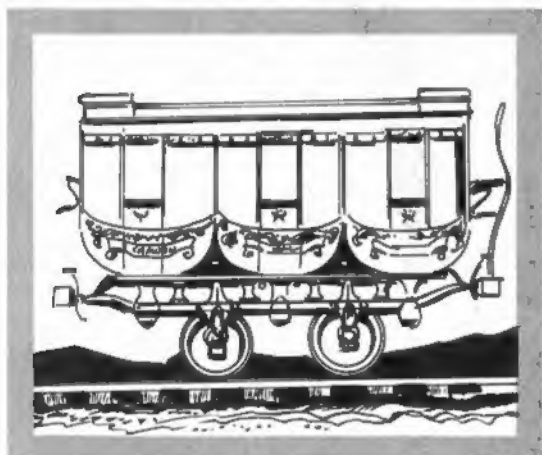
NUMBER 6

## *Passenger Cars*

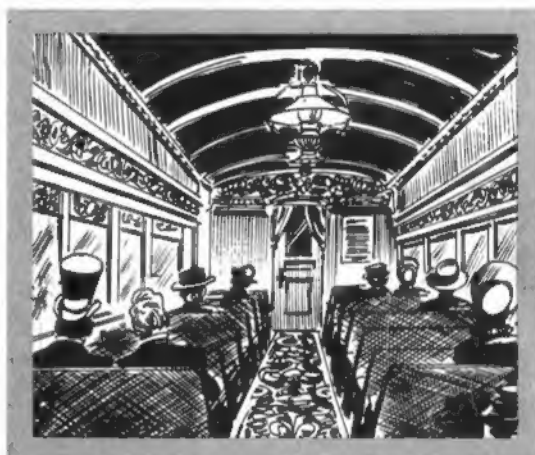
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



In 1829, the Baltimore & Ohio's "Pioneer" was the first passenger car in America, but was little more than a shed on wheels.



Later, the cars were designed like stagecoaches. They had no center aisle, and in some cars, passengers faced to the side.



About 1837, the center-aisle type of construction supplanted the stagecoach design, thus setting a new standard for cars.



Crude sleeping cars were used in 1838, but not until 1865 was night travel made comfortable with George Pullman's new car.



A modern Pullman car, over 80 feet long, is longer than the entire little train that first ran over American rails back in 1831.

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